Week ending November 24 1945 Every Thursday—Threepence

JOHN BULL

JOHN BULL TO-DAY No 4 The Engine Driver by Stanley Herbert

THE WRONG WAY TO TREAT RUSSIA

: : : see centre pages

LISTEN TO YOUR **WISER** SELF!

Got some crisp new notes in that wallet of yours? Don't let the Squander Bug and your wiser self have a tug-of-war over them! Remember, it's your wiser self who's your best pal. "Come on, old chap" he says. "Put that money where it's safe—and where it'll increase in value. Go on buying National Savings Certificates."

BECAUSE

- Every 15/- Certificate earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.
- This increase is not subject to Income Tax.
- They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.
- Savings up keeps prices down.

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

a cradle can ROCK

but* NOT *your plate!

Social security is a matter of politics and legislation, but *denture security* is often merely a matter of sprinkling Kolynos Denture Fixative on your dental plate. A denture which through gum-shrinkage has lost its original suction grip causes unnecessary pain and embarrassment. Restore comfort and confidence by using this tasteless, odourless powder. Recommended by dentists and sold by chemists—1/3d. & 3/3d.

KOLYNOS REGD
DENTURE
FIXATIVE

makes false teeth 'stay put'

Also—brush dental plates with Kolynos *Denture* POWDER to keep them clean, sweet and polished—1/3d. a tin.

FOOD (MF) FACTS

Ration News

The four-week period beginning November 11 sees one or two changes in your rations, in an *upward* direction. Here are some notes to help you. Cut them out for reference.

BUTTER AND MARGARINE

Although the combined butter and margarine ration remains 6 oz. per week, the amount of butter which you can take in future, if you wish, has been increased from 2 oz. to 4 oz. every other week. In all *odd-numbered* weeks you will be able to get 4 oz., and the next week and all *even-numbered* weeks you will be able to get 2 oz. (The Ration Week Number appears at the bottom of *Food Facts*, in your daily newspaper.) Margarine may be taken instead of butter if you like.

Temporary Ration Card Holders R.B.12 will be able to get 3 oz. butter each week. H.M. Forces holding R.B. 8A will be able to get 3 oz. butter and margarine (not more than 1 oz. butter) and 1 oz. cooking fats.

COOKING FATS

From November 11 the cooking fats ration is restored to 2 oz. a week.

CHEESE

From November 11 the ordinary ration of cheese is restored to 3 oz. per week.

TEA

November 11 is the beginning of a ¾-lb. period (4 weeks).

SOAP

The two K coupons to be cut out for the four-week period beginning November 11 are those printed 17/18 and 19/20 on the large coupon No. 5 on page 15 of the ration book. Each coupon is worth two rations of soap.

POINTS NEWS

4 week period No. 5—Nov. 11 to Dec. 8

CANNED SWEET PUDDINGS are now on points. 4 per 1 lb. Current figures include date, treacle, marmalade. All varieties may not be available everywhere nor for a few weeks.

STONED DATES REDUCED from 8 to 4 per lb. Unstoned dates remain at 2 per lb.

DRIED PEAS—Imported dried blue or green (excluding wrinkled seed or soaked) 2 per lb. Imported dried blue or green after soaking 1 per lb. Threshed home grown (excluding seed or soaked) 2 per lb. Threshed home grown soaked (excluding seed) 1 per lb. Green split peas 2 per lb. Imported dried beans (excluding seed), lentils and split lentils (not Chilian) and yellow split peas remain at 2 per lb.

British packed shellfish, mussels, cockles and shrimps are now off points.

Points coupons values remain unchanged—A—1, B—2, C—2, D—3 or 2.

MORE FOOD FACTS BY RADIO AT 8.20 A.M. ON THURSDAYS

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 279

Dependable as ever

One can always depend upon "Player's" for cool pleasure and calm enjoyment.

Player's Please.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

N.C.T.54H

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in the position to give that to you free.

We teach nearly all the Trades and Professions by Post, in all parts of the World. Distance makes no difference. The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the World.

If you know what you want to study, write for prospectus. If you are undecided, write for my fatherly advice. It is free.

Direct mail to:

DEPT. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

Growing up on Cadburys
BOURNVILLE COCOA

Snap . . . and wind the film immediately

Even experienced photographers have been known to ruin two good pictures by forgetting to wind the film, causing a "double exposure" as in the diagram. Best make it a habit to "turn on" immediately you've taken a snap—then you're sure.

By the way, always unload a completed spool indoors or in the shade. Roll it tightly and, after sticking down the end, wrap it in the original paper if you can. Good film is very sensitive to light and can be "fogged" by careless handling.

'KODAK' FILM is still in short supply, so please make the most of it

F.661

FOR LIGHTNING SHAVES WITHOUT STING OR BURN

Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off—like lightning without sting or burn!

1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

...CHANGE TO
COLGATE *Brushless* **SHAVE CREAM**

NOT SO EASY TO GET NOWADAYS SO BUY EASY

The Quick Way TO A NEW SENSE OF ASSURANCE

Try this O-syl Hygienic Treatment and see how *fresh*, how assured you'll feel . . . how much lovelier your skin will look.

1. Use an O-syl mouthwash every morning —and start the day *fresh*.
2. Add a little O-syl to your washing water —and feel *fresh* till night.
3. At night wash your face in hot water to open the pores, follow with a cold dilution of O-syl and water, dabbed on with cotton wool—then you'll be free of spots and blemishes and your skin will look *fresh* always.

Remember O-syl is a medical product.

O-syl

the drop-by-drop ANTISEPTIC

Large family size 1/11½ also 7d. Inc. Tax

TWO DROPS OF O-SYL ARE OFTEN ENOUGH

Back on the old job or starting a new

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

will keep your shoes smart and comfortable

Black, Brown and Tonette.

In tins 3d. and 6d.

CB/Eg

write to JOHN BULL *about it*

Every week, this Service solves hundreds of problems from worried readers. Don't hesitate to send YOUR queries to our experienced advisers

"I WANT TO START MY OWN BUSINESS"

"I LEFT THE FORCES last March and since then I have continued my pre-war trade of decorating. Next year I want to start a business of my own. How do I obtain a licence? How much will it cost?

"If I get the licence, can I continue working with my present firm for six months or so to book orders for next summer? Also, would the income tax authorities allow relief for the purchase of the necessary equipment?"

✓ To get a licence to start work on your own account you will have to apply to the Ministry of Works, Lambeth Bridge House, London, S.E.1. It costs nothing.

It would be advisable to get into touch with the Regional Officer and discuss the proposition with him. You can get his address from the Post Office. Whether you will get the licence or not depends upon the amount of urgent work waiting to be done in your district. Each case is considered on its merits, and the Regional Officer will give you a sound opinion.

Income Tax authorities will not make a deduction to enable you to buy equipment. They do not make allowances for this "capital expenditure," but they sometimes make an annual allowance for wear and tear and general depreciation of plant.

Selling a House

"IF A MAN sells a house, will the money he receives be taxed? I am buying my house through a building society and have received the usual allowance and relief for the interest on the loan.

"If I have to pay tax on the sale of my house, I suppose it would be better not to sell till April, 1946, when the tax will be reduced."

✓ You will not be taxed on the sale of the house. What is more, if you make a profit on the original cost of the house, that also will be exempt from tax.

Relief for the interest you have been paying to the building society will naturally cease from the day of the sale. On the other hand, you will no longer be the owner of the house and its value will not be included in your total income. The sale of the house will make little difference to your taxation.

There is no point in waiting till income tax falls from 10s. to 9s.

Club Property

"YEARS AGO I belonged to a cricket club which was supported by its members and private subscriptions. It was broken up during the war and is not likely to be restarted. Only one active member remains in the village.

"He proposes to take custody of the club's property, and in conjunction with another former member to dispose of it as they think fit. There was a

Continued on page 22

MEN BEHIND HUGE PROFITS

by HANNEN SWAFFER

THERE ARE OVER 500,000 railway workers in Britain. Before the war they belonged to one of our major sweated industries.

In August, 1935, they asked for a minimum of 50s. a week—but got the then minimum raised from 43s. by only 2s.!

Take, for instance, the men behind the engines. Drivers with five years in their grade were paid, in those days, £4 10s. and firemen £4 6s. A new wages award gave the drivers and firemen 2d. a day extra—and junior engine cleaners a whole penny, all at once!

Hearing that 70,000 adult railwaymen were receiving less than £3 a week, even shareholders were shocked.

Then came the blitz. Bombs or no bombs, the men ran the trains. Loads were heavier; trains were longer. Many men worked twenty-seven days out of twenty-eight, doing spells of over twelve hours a day. If they did take a day off, they were threatened with prosecution!

Yet they were also drafted into the Home Guard!

To-day, an adult railwayman gets £4 7s. in London, £4 5s. in industrial districts, and £4 4s. in rural areas.

But the war time profits of the railways has been well over £100,000,000 a year. Of this, £57,000,000 went to the Government.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Marconiphone

Marconiphone

THE **REAL THING** IN RADIO

PRODUCTION HAS BEEN RESUMED

Radios will be available to the public in limited quantities in the New Year.

THE MARCONIPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDLESEX.

YOU need a MINX

For the motorist whose car is always in use,

THE NEW HILLMAN MINX

Hillman Motor Car Co. Ltd., Coventry

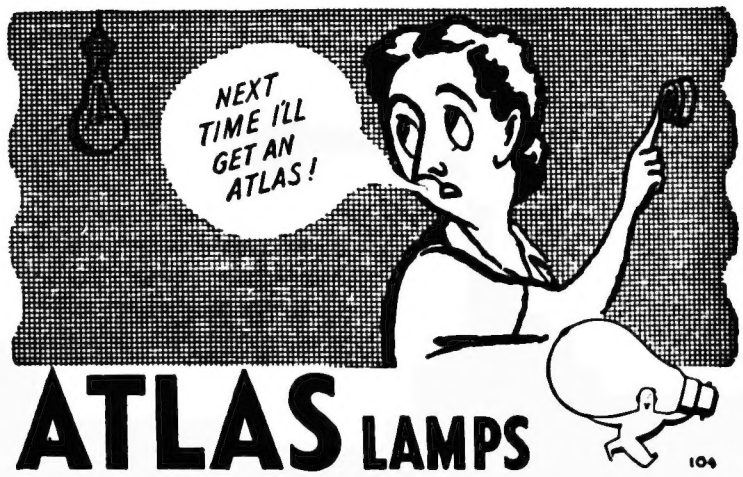
A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

No. 21 ADMIRALTY PNEUMATIC WAVE CONTROLLER

To smooth the seas for Invasion Admiralty experts devised the wave controller—a mammoth pontoon 200 feet long and 25 feet high, weighing with concrete keel, over 710 tons. Dunlop made it—the largest individual device that the world's Rubber Industry ever produced

by DUNLOP

SH/169



ATLAS LAMPS 104

for STAYING POWER

Thorn Electrical Industries Limited, Judd Street, London, W.C.1

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion with

PALMOLIVE

4d. including Tax

A good start

Mrs. Brown's Peter is all set for a great future. With a sturdy body, lots of energy and steady nerves, he will come out on top. He has Fry's cocoa every day—the family *food drink* for all ages and stages.

5d qtr lb · 9½d half lb · 1/6 1-lb tin

FRY'S COCOA

The family food drink

FOR BODY BUILDING · FOR ENERGY · FOR RESTFUL SLEEP

CB13 161045

GIVE YOUR TEETH DAY & NIGHT A SHINE WITH

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½d

Price U.K. only

REFILLS 7d and 11½d

(Including Purchase Tax)

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4 GD 2444

Raising the Metabolic Rate hastens recovery from illness

WHEN you are recovering from an illness, the length of your convalescence is determined by your metabolic rate: that is to say, the rate at which your body burns up energy and replaces it by absorbing nourishment from food.

Through illness, your metabolic rate slows down. To get back to normal, you must supply your body with energy. Unfortunately, a low metabolic rate is accompanied by loss of appetite, making it difficult to absorb sufficient nourishment.

To break this vicious circle, your metabolic rate must be speeded up. To do this, doctors prescribe broths, soups, and meat extracts, because they are easily digested. Clinical tests, conducted at a famous research institute, have shown that Brand's Essence is outstandingly effective in raising the metabolic rate. It raises the rate with extraordinary quickness and sustains it for a quite exceptional length of time.

You will like the flavour of Brand's Essence, even when the mere thought of food is distasteful. A few spoonfuls will immediately raise your metabolic rate and give you the energy needed to get well. With this new feeling of strength, your appetite returns. Then you are well on your way to full recovery.

Price 3/- a bottle.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

THEY LOOK ALIKE,

BUT. . one's a house. One's a home. You know the difference. Scottish oats are different too . . Scottish goodness, Scottish kilning, Scottish flavour. Whether you use quick-cooking rolled oats or oatmeal for your porridge, the oats must be milled in Scotland . . . IT'S GOT TO BE

SCOTTISH OATS

Inserted by the Scottish Oatmeal Millers' Associations.

"IT'S NICER THAN GROUND RICE"

Pickering's COARSECUT Barley

Makes delicious nourishing Puddings

10d per lb. from your grocer

one pound makes twenty puddings.

PICKERING & CO. (CEREALS) LTD., DENTON, Nr. Manchester.

For Easier, Quicker, Washing

You do not know the ease and speed with which you can do your washing until you've used "ACDO"... then you'll be amazed.

For "ACDO" does a whole family wash in a few minutes, without scrubbing or rubbing—even the dirtiest clothes it washes spotlessly clean.

Try it next washday, then you'll understand why housewives in industrial areas, where clothes get really dirty, have used "ACDO" for over 20 years.

"ACDO" cannot injure the daintiest fabrics or harm the most sensitive skin.

ACDO THE GUARANTEED SELF-WASHER

Get 'ACDO' from your GROCER, OILMAN, or STORES

ASTLEY DYE & CHEMICAL CO., LTD., BOLTON

When your head seems full of problems— oh! for a soothing cup of ROWNTREE'S COCOA

Jolly good

CLARNICO

sweets

CAN YOU DO THIS, MUMMY?

In thus proudly showing their skill, children also reveal the vitality of perfect health. To create and maintain the vigour and joyous vivacity of youth, good wholesome food is essential.

Weetabix is just such a food—and is equally enjoyed by children and grown-ups.

Zoned, but perhaps YOU live in a Weetabix area.

Weetabix *MORE than a Breakfast Food*

Small size 2 POINTS *Large size* 4 POINTS

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants.

BRIGHTER NEWS FOR BRITAIN

Henry Wallace Speaks Up. End of King Peter. Tyranny for Nurses. The Angry Alderman. Jack Lawson Obeys the A.T.S. Lewis Austin: No Kill-joy. Local Council "Star Chambers." Those Dynamos.

As a previous Prime Minister would have said, we in this country are "going up and up and up, and on and on and on."

The period of Gloom is passing. It was ordered, quite deliberately, by the new Government. "Pitch your speeches in a minor key; don't arouse high expectations; make the public realise that only by continued hard work and sacrifices can we get through the winter," were the instructions to official spokesmen.

Privately, a word was added that next Spring would inaugurate a period of Brightness—at any rate in domestic affairs.

Proof that the cheerfulness will be justified can already be seen.

Plenty of Goods

Early in the New Year there will be vast increases in civilian goods. The latest Ministry of Labour figures show that 2,300,000 men and women will be released from the Services and war factories this year.

Mr. Attlee promised that more than a million would stop making munitions and be available to peace time factories in eight weeks alone. He has kept his word.

Already the shops are beginning to restock after their years of bareness. As yet, of course, the flow of goods is only a trickle, but the volume is increasing with every week that passes. And prices will be kept stable.

Orders Galore

What of the export trade which we must build up so that we can afford to buy raw materials overseas?

It will be a hard struggle to regain our markets. No one doubts that. But the prospects are encouraging.

One Stoke-on-Trent manufacturer has booked orders from abroad that will keep his pottery busy for ten years. Another in the same trade says that if he could get more labour he could treble his foreign bookings. He'll get that labour.

Buyers are coming along in fair numbers. What is better, they are impressed by British skill.

Given peace abroad, an absence of labour troubles at home, Britain should have no reason for cheerlessness in 1946.

Common Man's Champion

Henry Wallace, the man who declared that "this must be the century of the Common Man," has been talking again. He talks too much for most of his fellow-Americans; he sounds a dangerous Radical to them.

This small, mild man was born on a farm, became a farmer, edited a farmers' paper, and was Roosevelt's Secretary for Agriculture before becoming Vice-President. Now he is Secretary for Commerce, and has just learned to pilot a 'plane, despite his fifty-six years.

He showed his vision by making himself the chief New Dealer. During the war he pleaded for international collaboration. Then, more recently, he wrote a book called *Sixty Million Jobs*, which can be summed up in his phrase: "Raise all incomes under £250 a year and you will get markets which mean employment for more people with incomes over £250."

Now he has been talking about Lend-Lease.

War's Tariffs

"A costly three-sided war is in prospect among the Russians, the sterling bloc and the dollar group of countries," he says roundly.

Part of the trouble can be cured, he thinks, by a big loan to Britain on condition that we abandon the "system of exchange controls which restrict trade" and reduce tariff preferences within the Commonwealth.

Most enlightened people will agree. But they will also feel, we fancy, that sauce for the bulldog is sauce for the turkey—in other words, if we are to reduce our tariffs, the U.S.A. should reduce hers too.

Tito's Triumph

Yugoslavia, with the younger elements of the nation almost unanimous has plumped for Tito. The "rubber ball" election results are a resounding triumph for Tito—and the end for King Peter.

The party of British M.P.s who went at Tito's invitation as election observers all agree that it was a fairly conducted business.

True, the "Opposition" Parties boycotted the contest. But each polling booth provided secretly for a voter to record his disapproval of Tito's National Front candidates. This robs the Opposition of much of its thunder in attacking the election results.

Two Days Teetotal

It was a very dry election. Special orders rigidly enforced prohibited the serving of alcoholic drinks from the Friday till the Monday midnight of the election.

"Yugoslavia will go off the water-waggon only when all the ballot balls have been counted and returns handed in to the Election Commissions," said an official statement from the Yugoslav Press Office.

Bevan's Charter

Aneurin Bevan's new deal for nurses sounds hopeful.

Better pay, reasonable hours of duty, generous holidays, good food and accommodation, freedom from domestic "chores."

But the whole scheme really depends on "discipline."

A doctor on friendly terms with the nurses and sisters of some of our large hospitals has given John Bull some really amazing—but true—stories of matronly interference and humbug.

Naughty Girl!

One hospital sister told him: "My off-duty on Wednesdays is always 2 p.m. to 5 p.m., but as lunch is at 1.15. I used to leave hospital then and have lunch at home. I never regarded it as a breach of rules.

"I had been doing it for 18 months when Matron called me to her office, told me I had been discovered, rather like a naughty child, and not to do it again.

"So now I have to appear at lunch in uniform and as I have to change before I can go out, I often miss the only 'bus which will take me home in time to be back on duty at 5 p.m."

No Argument

Another Sister said that was nothing. "My home is 100 miles away," she explained. "It was my week-end off and I stopped duty at 6 p.m. on Friday. I asked to leave the ward 10 minutes earlier to catch a 'bus. Permission was refused.

"I knew that I risked dismissal if I disobeyed orders. So I did not leave until six. I had my clothes ready and eight minutes later I was dressed.

"Leaving my room I met the assistant matron who had refused me permission to go early. She stopped me, looked at her watch, told me I had obviously left the ward before six, and cancelled my week-end leave. There was no argument. If I had gone despite her, I should have been dismissed when I returned."

Clean Sweep

That is the kind of thing the new code is intended to stop.

Nurses have been treated like unruly little children, as if they had no sense, no idea of responsibility.

Hospital Sisters have seldom complained of hard work and long hours, of poor pay or indifferent food—though all these things have had to be endured in the past—but they *have* resented the multitude of petty restrictions imposed on them.

Sweep away these restrictions, treat nurses as responsible adults, and there will be no lack of new recruits.

Golden Acres

Alderman Ingram of Walsall is indignant. Rightly so. Birmingham Town Council wants to acquire

Henry Wallace, champion of the Common Man, warns us against "a costly, three-sided trade war"

JOHN BULL PAYS
£700,000

This is the colossal sum which has already been exceeded by payments under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance.

Protection against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, and BURGLARY are among the invaluable Household Benefits offered free to every reader.

GOING DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME

land at Bloxwich for housing purposes.

Some £17,700 is the price about which the argument revolves. In 1930 that same piece of land, it is reported, was in the market for £4,000. The owner would have been glad to get that sum for it.

The angry Alderman declares that there can be no justification for this vast increase in values. True, But that is not the whole story. The £17,700 was the District Valuer's estimate. The owner started the negotiations by asking for £30,000.

Scotland's Tribute

This land business even extends to Scotland. There, for obvious reasons, Labour-controlled local authorities are in revolt against the rich harvest reaped by the landowners.

At Inverness, for example, there was a petrol station of 677 square yards. There was a little hut and four petrol pumps on it.

The purchaser of this land had to pay a price approximating to £14,300 per acre. It was needed badly for a bigger scheme materially helpful to the local community. So the owner cashed in.

The Lawson Lass

A SECRETARY OF STATE for War who obeys the orders of an ATS private is undoubtedly news. The other night we were with the Minister, Jack Lawson—and the ATS private.

She is his pretty dark-haired 23-year-old daughter, Alma.

Her main complaint to Dad was that after four years of work on ack-ack guns, with plenty of action and excitement, she and her colleagues are now condemned to the routine of the Pay Corps. Dad duly apologised, but the girls will have to stay put.

Not Mr. Grundy!

SUB-LT. LEWIS AUSTIN, M.P. is bearing philosophically the rôle of Mr. Grundy, thrust upon him by the Press. On the strength of excerpts from a speech he made condemning the quality of amusements provided for young people, he found himself described as a "Mr. Grundy!"

Far from being a kill-joy, Lewis likes his glass of beer and a decent dance as much as anyone. As he put it to us: "I'm opposed to pintable saloons and similar money-making time-wasting rackets which attract too many people. So I find myself described as an ancient spoil-sport." Austin is 34 years old.

Unsought Fan-Mail

On the Monday and Tuesday following his speech, Austin received over 200 letters from all parts of the country. Many of them, alas, came from the cranks who mistakenly supposed him to be a recruit for their various kill-joy campaigns.

Some of the letters indicated that if Britain was to be saved, every pub, picture house and dance hall should be razed to the ground forthwith. Austin's co-operation in this mass-incendiarism was cordially invited.

Good-humouredly, he has declined these invitations. But we shall be hearing a good deal more from him on questions affecting Britain's youth in Parliament. By that time the legend of his Mrs. Grundyism will, he hopes, have died a natural death. Perhaps he will even cease to be regarded as a greybeard.

Treason Triumphs!

THE NATIONAL UNION of Protestants, militant "No Popery" enthusiasts, continue their up-and-at-him campaign against Dr. J. W. C. Wand, recently enthroned Bishop of London.

Leader of the N.U.P. is pugnacious P. W. Petter—described as "Governor of the Union." It was he who loudly protested within St. Paul's Cathedral during the enthronement against "Romish practices." Later, he strongly objected to the style of the Bishop's mitre (hat), among other serious things.

Now Petter proclaims that treason has triumphed. He declares that those who advised His Majesty the King to appoint Dr. Wand to the Bishopric were guilty of high treason.

"They would have known how to deal with such an offence in the days of Queen Elizabeth!" says Petter's N.U.P. Bulletin. It is not quite clear whether he favours beheading or burning of the "traitors." Maybe both.

Petter's Pal

PARLIAMENTARY SPOKESMAN for the Union is Dr. James Little, 47-year-old M.P. for County Down, always on the alert for what he conceives to be Protestant interests.

He has seen the Prime Minister on the subject of Dr. Wand, and demanded that Mr. Attlee shall see that "all illegal Romish practices in the National Church be immediately made to cease."

Mr. Attlee's reply, we learn, was polite but non-committal. He probably had other things to worry about.

Silly Secrecy

THERE HAVE BEEN too many cases recently of some councils trying to function as "Star Chambers," and denying Press and public any knowledge of vital matters with which every citizen in the area was concerned.

The National Association of Local Government Officers Committee bluntly criticises this attitude. "Members of local authorities," it says, "should recognise it is their duty . . . to keep the citizens fully informed of their policies, plans, discussions and achievements." It certainly is.

Equally right is the committee in demanding from citizens active participation in local affairs by "Co-operation, votes and criticism."

Better "Parish Pump"

Great work is being done by the N.A.L.G.O. With J. H. Warren, Slough's able town clerk, presiding, a committee of the Association has prepared a report on the subject of Local Government and the Community.

It strongly advocates closer contact between council offices and the public. It wants an open door at the town hall for every intelligent inquiry about councils and their work.

Its plan for the establishment of public relations departments in every big local authority will be discussed widely in municipal circles, and we expect results from it.

Palestine Problem

WE WELCOME the decision of the United States to co-operate with Britain is seeking a solution of the Palestine problem. We deplore the action of Jewish extremists in Tel-Aviv who responded to Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin's statement by an outbreak of rioting.

These people do no service to their cause. Rather do they add to the sufferings of the Jews in other lands—and may destroy the widespread sympathy of the British people with Jewish aspirations in Palestine.

Westminster Wisecracks

A POOR WOMAN was gently escorted from the Central Hall, Westminster, the other afternoon. She was shouting "George Bernard Shaw is God's right hand man." Commented one M.P.: "If Brendan Bracken were here, he'd move an amendment to delete G.B.S. and insert B.B.!"

Long and exciting was the debate culminating in a midnight vote about Scotland's Tummel-Garry power scheme. A young Labour M.P. listened to the debate with exceptional interest. He confessed afterwards that for some time he had been under the impression that Tummel-Garry was an obscure Conservative Member of Parliament!

Getting to Know Them

JOHN BULL believes that really friendly relations between Britain and Russia will be possible only

when the peoples of our two countries really get to know each other. (See centre pages this week.)

America's Secretary of State (Mr. Acheson) seems to agree that exactly the same is true of the United States and Russia.

"I confess I see no way to draw our peoples into closer understanding," he says, "except by persistent efforts on both sides to free the lines of communication, through the Press and the radio, through books and magazines, through travel and personal acquaintanceship."

Human Dynamos

Here in Britain we have already had a small sample of what "personal acquaintanceship" will do. There is no better way of establishing contact between two peoples than through sport. And the visit of the Russian footballers has been a tremendous success—in spite of the bad start we gave it when somebody messed up the reception arrangements.

What a magnificent welcome the Dynamo team got! And what a grand show they put up!

Taking the game between Chelsea and Dynamo as a basis for comment, there is not an atom of doubt that in every aspect of field play the Russians were the more impressive. They had been coached by somebody who is a past-master in tactics, and though not perfect as a side they come more nearly to the ideal football machine than the average First Division club side in Britain.

Which is the Most Popular?

WHAT IS THE MOST popular game in this country? Some say darts, others snooker, and some plump for bowls. Just before the war it was estimated that more than 3,000,000 people were playing darts every week in league matches, quite apart from those who indulged in a game casually in the "local."

Snooker has come on tremendously recently. More than 1,000 people paid at every session to see the champion, Joe Davis, play at Burnley recently.

The great advantage of darts, however, is its cheapness. The cost of playing is a mere fraction of that of snooker and bowls, and, apart from the few indoor clubs, is a summer sport. Some will say Soccer is the most popular since more people watch it, but Joe Davis even challenges that on behalf of his beloved snooker.

Cricketers' Union

WHILE THE AUSTRALIAN Services cricket team is playing a series of "Test" matches in India and enthusiasts are looking forward to next season's resumption of the county game proper, serious inroads are being made on the experienced players available by Northern League clubs. Offers of such magnitude are being made that county clubs are seriously worried about it, and say that they cannot compete.

Perhaps it won't be long before we see the formation of a Players' Union on the lines of that which looks after professional Soccer players.

This organisation has just proved its worth, and it is obvious that in such an autocratic game as cricket a similar body to handle the interests of professional cricketers is badly needed.

Time, Please!

AMERICAN SOLDIERS stationed throughout the world are to box for gold watches provided by the American Boxing Services Athletic Fund. Apparently they've got so many watches in America that they can afford to allocate them in this way.

This must cause a wry smile to those who have vainly tried to get their watches or clocks repaired here!

Dempsey's Strong Fist

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR MILES DEMPSEY, Commander-in-Chief, South-East Asia, is a mouthful. This newly-announced appointment will also mean a fistful of trouble for the Japanese.

"I'll stand no nonsense from them," he remarked on arrival in Malaya, and promptly dumped a good many of them on an uninhabited island.

No one looking at his small, slim figure would immediately sum him up as a "strong man." But he is wiry and tough. Still on the right side of fifty, he was only a Lieut.-Colonel in 1939. His speed of promotion is beaten by his rapidity in reading maps; no one in the Army can equal him at that.

Sundays Off

He commanded the Second Army from Normandy to Berlin. His twenty-seven divisions destroyed seventy-nine German divisions—one a day at the height of the fighting—built 677 bridges and constructed seventy-six airfields.

After which he piloted his own 'plane in order to see the Royal Hunt Cup run at Ascot.

But maybe he will be remembered longest for giving the Fourteenth Army every Sunday off. Could not the Army at home be similarly considerate to men awaiting demobilisation and suffering the extremities of boredom?

General Dempsey won't stand any nonsense

THE WAR ON HUNGER

THE FIRST SNOWS of Europe's winter have fallen. In the ruins of once-great cities, the finger of death reaches out to mark the foreheads of the doomed. Men, women and children—good and bad, evil and innocent—all look up at grey skies and around at the gently falling whiteness of their shroud.

And this is but one part of the gigantic picture of misery and hunger.

In the Far East — China, India, Japan, Burma—the colour of skins may be different. The way of dying will be the same.

Man learned long ago to ensure that he could always eat. Then, by his own blind folly, he laid waste his world. Now he pays the dreadful price.

Here in Britain we are luckier than some. Even so, Britain is underfed.

There is not a heavy industrial worker in our land whose diet is adequate to his needs.

Every local medical report points to the declining health of mothers whose own scant rations go too often on the plates of husband and children.

"There is not a miner's wife in this town," says a former mayoress of Barnsley, "who is getting a bit of meat. It is given up to their men—miners."

The needs of many others are greater than our own. But we agree with Sir Ben Smith, Minister of Food, that our people have reached the limit of sacrifice.

WHATEVER IS DONE cannot avert major tragedies in the next few months. There is no short cut to repairing the ravages of the world's long years of lunacy. Mankind's march to sanity is along a rough, steep road.

But a beginning is made. There is a United Nations Food and Agriculture Organisation.

Ignore the fools who will decry it. Long-winded its title may be; vital its purpose certainly is.

This Commission is the World General Staff in the war against Universal Hunger. At the Quebec Conference the preliminary plans of the great offensive against starvation were laid.

Philip Noel-Baker spoke there for Britain. "The lives of untold millions depend upon our work," he said. And he was right.

HERE AT HOME, the Government proclaims a bold new farming plan. It is as tough as the times demand.

It gives to farmer and farm-worker alike solid guarantees of fair play and fair conditions. Stable prices and stable markets are assured. In return for this, the farmer is told bluntly that fair-play is a two-way deal.

The neglectful landowner, the farmer who fails in his duty to the people, will be dispossessed. Land is too precious to be left in the hands of those who cannot make it grow the food we must have. The health of our people matters more than the moneybags of the man who wants maximum profits from minimum effort.

We believe British farmers will benefit from this bold policy.

So will the farm workers.

But the people whose rations depend on its success demand more.

It is not enough just to grow the right food. There must be effective distribution of farm produce controlled by efficient Marketing Boards.

There must be agreements between nations on basic commodities such as wheat. The best resources of each country must be pooled and exchanged so that the spectre of hunger may be banished from the whole world.

The war is over. Let the war on hunger begin in earnest.

Into the conference rooms of statesmen, heard in the Parliaments of every land, seeping through to us all, comes a sound that will not be shut out.

It is the thin wail of the hungry child.

This new World War, no less than that which preceded it, calls forth the best. It summons men to flex minds and muscles for an onslaught on misery.

It is indeed the Good Fight!

The Editor

SHOULD BEVAN BOSS THE DOCTORS?

Can doctors be socialised? Is there a risk that the proposed National Health Service may kill the soul of this most personal of all professions? JOHN BULL asked a doctor these questions. His reply is frank about the dangers as well as the benefits of the new health plan

Aneurin Bevan, forceful, outspoken, is facing one of his greatest tasks in planning a National Health Service

THE PLAIN MAN ARGUES that for every illness there's a cure—a bottle of medicine, some sulpha pills, an operation, or whatever it is.

The doctor's job is to diagnose the trouble and to order the proper cure. For that he gets his money, either as a fee or through the National Health Insurance. He is just selling his services, like any other workman.

There may be a shortage of doctors in the industrial areas, so that each one has too many panel patients and cannot attend to them properly. There may not be enough hospitals, so that people have to be on the waiting-list for weeks or months before they can have treatment. Then the sensible thing, the plain man argues, is to nationalise the medical service, and to build hospitals and to post doctors just where they are needed.

It should be, so he thinks, like the Post Office. Because the Post Office is national, everybody in the country is within reach of a branch, and has not far to go to a pillar-box. Everybody has his letters and telegrams delivered. The doctors, so he thinks, should be organised in the same way—and they are as much entitled as anyone else to reasonable hours of work, holidays with pay, and pensions on retirement.

Patients Are All Different

But when looked at more closely it is not all as simple as that.

For one thing, people are all different—much more different than letters.

The sulpha tablets may work well with one man and not so well with another. One man with a lean, tough constitution may stand up to an illness much better than another with a fat and flabby build.

So the good doctor will treat each patient a little differently, even if he has the same illness as others. He will arrange a careful watch for complications, a friendly talk with the sick man to help his morale, and a tactful explanation to his wife of just how seriously the illness is to be regarded.

To do all this well the doctor must be no stranger to the patient. He must know his physical constitution, his mental make-up, and whether his wife is naturally calm or nervous.

If a man has a duodenal ulcer, for instance, he cannot teach that man to get along with his ulcer in comfort, and persuade it to heal, until he knows him, his life at home, his life at his job.

Foundation of Good Doctoring

It is through treating the minor injuries and illnesses of a family—the cut fingers, the sore throats and the measles—that the doctor comes to know the members of it and how they all behave.

He may indeed be helpful in problems that are not purely medical. He may have good advice to give, if asked, about what the youngsters should do when they leave school; about where the old folks should live when they retire. He may help the young couples when they marry—about sex questions, about when to marry, and when to have children.

Mothers should discuss with him the food they give their children at different ages, their hours of play and sleep, and the kind of clothing they wear, as well as what to do about their teeth and their tonsils.

The doctor should be at hand to restrain over-conscientious parents from protecting children too much or coddling them, especially when they are supposed to be delicate.

The foundation of good doctoring is a relationship of friendliness and trust between every patient and his own doctor. Friendship and trust cannot be bought and sold by the yard or restricted to a forty-hour week.

The problem of a National Health Service is to provide good doctors and set them to work in conditions where that relationship can be achieved.

Training the doctors is the task of the universities. They are already busy with large-scale improvements in their teaching staffs and their teaching methods, helped by a generous grant of Government money.

No Means-Test for Patients

Planning the National Health Service is Aneurin Bevan's task. His plan may be expected early next year.

It is generally agreed that a good plan must provide a comprehensive service available to all, rich and poor alike.

The rich must not be excluded just to furnish big private fees for successful doctors. The doctors must be paid reasonably for all the work they do. It must be argued whether the best way to pay them is entirely by salaries, or by a combination of basic salaries with capitation fees.

But, while the service will be available to everybody, and ought to be good enough for anybody, it should not be compulsory for all. If a man prefers to put his trust in a doctor outside the service, and is willing to pay that doctor, he should be free to do so.

Freedom of Choice

Within the service the patient should remain free to choose his doctor, so far as the number of doctors in his district allows, just as he does now.

Similarly, the doctor must be free to choose the kind of work and the actual job he wants to do. All appointments must be openly advertised, and voluntarily applied for.

If some appointments do not attract applicants, they must be made more attractive by increasing the basic salary or improving the amenities. A doctor's work cannot be well done if it is not willingly done.

If the service were designed on the Army model, and doctors were liable to be posted from one place to another by a man in a Whitehall office, the system would be doomed to failure.

That does not imply that the Army medi-

cal service has been a failure. Doctors in the Forces have accepted regimentation for the purposes of the war and for the duration of the war. They knew that wastefulness and boredom were inevitable.

But in peace time the caprice of a bureaucratic machine could soon kill the devotion that a doctor should give to his life-work of helping individual people.

Even the method of choosing among applicants for a position needs careful designing. Like the judging of an accused man, it should be done by a combination of his equals and peers with expert advisers, and not by a "director of personnel."

The best judges of a doctor's work are those professional colleagues who see his case-records and discuss his problem with him. They know even better than his patients how good a doctor he is.

Doctors Can't Be Told

The doctor in the new service must be entirely free to advise or treat his patient as he thinks best. His overriding responsibility is to the patient, not to any superior officer.

It must never be possible for a central authority to order that all patients suffering from such-and-such a disease are to be treated in a certain way. Each patient is different.

The patient, on his side, must never feel that the doctor is under pressure from above to force him back to work before he is fit. That would destroy his trust.

But to keep the doctor up to date in his knowledge of new treatments he must have time and encouragement to study, by means of books, medical meetings, discussions with other doctors, and visits to teaching hospitals.

Doctors cannot do their best work in isolation. That is one argument for substituting health centres for individual practices.

The danger is that, if six to twelve doctors work together in a health centre, the personal bond between the patient and his own doctor may be weakened. Experiments should be made with different types of health centre to find out whether they are better than individual practices. Probably they are—but it is not proved yet.

Building the Nation's Health

In making these experiments, and in the whole great task of designing and running a national service of hospitals and practitioners, the main responsibility should somehow be put on the doctors themselves.

They are not more selfish than other men—probably less so. A medical service is a new kind of organisation. There is no model for it. It must develop its own democratic pattern, different from those of the Army and the Post Office.

Make the doctors responsible, with proper safeguards concerning the Parliamentary control of expenditure, and they will learn how to run it and be proud of it. Make them into a body of medical officers, under orders from the local authorities or the central Ministries, and they will lose their interest and their pride in doctoring.

The test of Mr. Bevan's plan will be the relation it establishes between the doctors and the Civil Service. If it says to the doctors, "This is what the nation wants. Here is the money. The Civil Service will help. You get on with it," then all will be well.

If it sets up the Civil Servants as not-so-civil masters, the nation's health will benefit far less than has been planned—and expected.

A picturesque farmhouse? Yes, but like thousands of others, the walls are cracked, the roof defective, and damp is a menace to health

THEY LIVE IN HOVELS

Land workers are angry, and you won't wonder why when you read these facts about the "homes" they have to live in.

by WALLACE ARTER

"THE NATION needs the food we produce. They can build cow-houses and barns, but they don't give a damn if we sleep under hedges. *Doesn't the Nation need us, too?*"

That outburst was typical of the speeches at a recent district meeting of the National Union of Agricultural Workers. Kent members appealed to the Minister for help in getting decent houses for themselves.

Were those angry, bitter words justified?

Is it true that new buildings "like palaces compared with farm cottages" are being erected, while little is done to improve dwellings for the men and women of the land?

Not long ago a nurse was called to a cottage near Brasted. She was shocked by what she found. "Not one wall or ceiling is sound. The doors and windows could be pushed out. The lavatory is a bucket."

On the other side of Kent, near Betteshanger, an investigator reported "the *usual story* of rotting floors, rain pouring in, no proper water supply, no drains, and bucket lavatories."

Spots on Beauty

Perry Wood, a few miles from Faversham, is a well-known Kent beauty spot. Farm workers there say that their cottages are "passable." But they have no proper lavatories. Some have neither sinks nor drains. Drinking-water is drawn from a rain-tank.

"Do you wonder I'm crippled up with rheumatism?" asked a woman at East Farleigh, reporting that her cottage was damp and that water streamed across the floor.

At Strood, shoes which had been out of use for a few days were green with mildew. At Mereworth, cottagers had a fifteen-minute walk to get water.

The story could go on. One outside tap for five cottages. paths ankle-deep in mud, streaming walls, falling plaster, smoking chimneys and almost always the bucket lavatory or the privy over a cesspit.

Always the same complaints of no drainage, rotten woodwork, leaking roofs, bad water.

Watery Outlook

Water! One old woman's comment is typical: "I seem to have spent most of my life fetchin' water in or tryin' to keep it out!"

Let us look at other counties. In Northamptonshire before the war it was recommended that over 5,000 cottages, in 183 villages, should be demolished.

In 1940 Lord Henley said of the same county that rural workers were "being allowed to rot in wretched hovels." In a Lincolnshire district one cottage in every five was listed for demolition.

But why go on? Let a paper read to the South-Eastern Centre of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association sum it up. The paper gave an analysis of 500 dwellings in one rural district: 20 per cent. had rooms in which a man could not stand upright, 30 per cent. had ground floors below the outside level, 70 per cent. had dangerous stairs, 60 per cent. had bad food storage or none at all; 80 per cent. had no sinks, 70 per cent. no drains, and in 90 per cent. ventilation was unsatisfactory.

The position has not improved during the war. A few urgent repairs may have been done. Some cottages, damaged by bombs, have received the attention they had needed for years. But most rural dwellings have deteriorated still further.

The resolution sent to the Minister of Agriculture alleged that new farm buildings had been erected.

New huts for hop-pickers have been built on three farms in the Faversham-Canterbury district in the past year. On one of these farms a new oast has been built at a cost of several thousand pounds. On another, a large barn has had a new tiled roof and a new floor. The buildings of another farm have been reroofed.

A local branch of the N.U.A.W. invited a district councillor to a meeting. He was told a dreadful story.

One man said: "The thatch on my roof had a hole in it big enough to crawl through all the winter. The rain poured in and ran down the stairs.

"They told me there was no labour for repairs, but from my garden I could see that new oast going up. I've seen men painting farm-houses and putting up fine new fences."

People Come First

Yes, labour and materials *have* been found for new buildings and for repairs. Most of the jobs were, no doubt, necessary. But, surely, the men and women are at least as important as the crops they grow and the animals they tend.

A glance at the records of licences issued in one county shows how the "authorities" feel about it. In two consecutive periods the number of licences issued was: minor

Continued on page 19

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. Justice Charles,

Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—Congratulations on your refusal to excuse a man who shoots his wife's lover.

The case was a simple one. An officer returned to find that his wife had been unfaithful, and fired three shots at "the other man." At his trial the jury did not find him guilty with intent to do grievous bodily harm, but only of wounding.

As you said, "the only thing they have not done is to give the accused a medal."

Now, I make no defence of any unfaithful wife. I hold no brief for "the Other Man." I have no doubt that you share my sympathy for any poor devil who, returning from years of active service abroad, finds that his home has been broken and his marriage made an empty mockery.

But I say emphatically that sentiment cannot be allowed to distort the Law. Crime, whether it be inspired by passion or anger or greed, remains a crime; if we once excuse a particular form of killing we shall have no right to impose the penalties of the law for other forms of anti-social behaviour.

Some judges do not seem to share these views. However admirable is their indignation, their leniency towards men accused of murder or wounding is, in my opinion, an incentive to violence.

They should be the first to recognise the danger of allowing any of us to take "justice" into our own hands. That way lies anarchy.—JOHN BULL.

The Hon. Quintin Hogg, M.P.,

Hailsham, Sussex

DEAR SIR,—I have disagreed with you in the past, and expect to do so again in the future. But please accept my thanks for pressing the Government to tell the public all the facts it has a right to know.

Already I have complained about the air of mystical secrecy with which some Ministers invest themselves. And you seeking an assurance in the House of Commons that information would be held from M.P.s only for reasons of military security, were not very politely fobbed off.

A foolish, irritating business! You and your fellow-representatives of the public cannot be treated as inquisitive schoolboys. The war is over, and with it must go the official fondness for secrecy that even war does not entirely justify.

Some Ministers, it is fair to say, are always willing to reveal information that has no bearing on the country's

Mr. Justice Charles refuses to sanction the "law of the jungle."

defence. Others seem to have inherited faults from the Coalition Government.

Fortunately, I don't think you are the kind of man who can easily be suppressed. Nor am I.. Let us keep on hammering away until we get what we want and what we have every justification to demand!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. George Tomlinson, M.P.,

Minister of Works

DEAR SIR,—I am hearing things about you—things I heartily approve and applaud. Your neighbours in Farnworth, near Bolton, know you as a man with a penchant for plain speaking. It seems you have talked to the right people.

For ten years your department and others have been timidly asking certain types of manufacturers to produce details of the costs of commodities vital to the nation's welfare. Those details have repeatedly been refused.

But not now. You have told manufacturers with whom you are negotiating that they had better produce the information asked for—or else! Already on the basis of such details, reluctantly supplied and checked by your department, you have insisted and got substantial reductions in prices of things badly needed to speed Britain's housing drive. More power to your elbow!—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. C. W. Scott,

Hove Education Committee

DEAR MADAM,—Princess Elizabeth, I have no doubt, would approve your action.

It was suggested that a collection should be made in the schools of Hove and Portslade so that purses might be presented to her during her visit to a local hospital. You opposed the idea—and won.

I am glad you did. I have heard of many cases of children being scorned and rebuked because their families were too poor to contribute to school collections, and of other children begging from strangers so that they should not be exposed to the derision of their classmates.

We do not send children to school to be taught to beg in the name of charity..—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. Weaver,

Saltley, Birmingham

DEAR MRS. WEAVER,—The British United Aid to China Committee is a clumsy name for a great cause. It has many stalwart supporters. You are not least among them.

Your son, Corporal A. C. Weaver, died in a Japanese prison camp at Formosa. You have his treasured letters. Time and time again they tell of his high regard for the patient courage of the Chinese people.

They ask you and your friends to do all you can to help China. And this you are doing. You are glad to give your help in creating a new China out of the ruins and chaos of the old.

In so doing you are building a memorial that will be worthy of your son and his gallant comrades who died in the Far East so that China and her neighbour nations might have their chance to live in peace and security.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

TOMMY-ROT!

WHEN AWKWARD QUESTIONS come up for discussion it is remarkable how someone will always be found to assert roundly: "You can't alter human nature."

Several considerations arise from that remark. To begin with, it implies that the rash individual knows exactly what human nature is. Does he? You have only to ask the question to answer it!

Then it implies a knowledge of the history of the human race that any historian would give much to attain. And, lastly, it implies a sort of incredible omniscience about past, present, and future that would leave one gasping—if the idea weren't slightly ludicrous.

No. To say that "you can't change human nature" is pure tommy-rot. For all anyone can prove to the contrary it can be changed completely. One can point to numerous instances which show clearly that it has changed, and for the better.

Let's be honest. To say that you can't change human nature is merely to say that you don't *want* to change human nature: to hide a quite inexcusable indolence under some big talk about Fatalism and Destiny.

And "Fatalism," as someone said, "is the last refuge of a shirker."

If there is one thing more certain than another it is that you can alter and improve yourself. You can prove that any time you care to make the effort.

And if enough people alter and improve themselves, then human nature is quite definitely changed.

And how you can argue against that is a bit difficult to see!

Argument

SHOULD IDENTITY CARDS BE ABOLISHED?

No

1. They make false pretences more difficult without troubling the honest citizen. They help, thus, to expose fraud.

2. They don't infringe the liberty of the individual, as no Government (unless it had already won powers of dictatorship) could get away with any attempt to misuse them.

3. They cost practically nothing to continue. It would be wasteful to throw away needlessly the fruits of the heavy initial expenditure.

4. As "internal passports," giving evidence of good faith, they are a valuable, though voluntary, substitute for the old-fashioned visiting card in moving among strangers.

5. Their practical usefulness could be extended unobjectionably by insistence on their production as an endorsement of marriage status. This would be a check on bigamy.

6. To unmarried mothers, or unmarried couples, they are far less embarrassing than ration books. In no circumstances need they be produced on unauthorised demand.

Yes

1. They are no protection against fraud (and may even facilitate it), as the criminal classes have little difficulty in securing false or faked cards.

2. They were introduced as a necessary, though undesirable, war measure. To continue them is a clear infringement of individual liberty. They have always been a first step to dictatorship, and obviously make it easier.

3. Keeping them up to date means a vast amount of clerical work and considerable expenditure. This is unjustifiable extravagance.

4. They have never been widely used as social or business introductions, and any general adoption of this idea would have a chilling effect on personal relations. People should learn to trust one another, not to expect guaranteees of good faith.

5. They were never meant, and have never been used, to suppress bigamy. Bigamy should be stopped through a tightening of the marriage regulations.

6. They must always be a source of worry, and often embarrassment, to unmarried mothers and unwedded couples, compelled to carry documentary evidence of damaging facts they have every right to conceal. Besides the danger of penalising innocent people socially, they strengthen the hand of the blackmailer.

A lesson in the art of choosing chorus-girls — by "Professor" Billy Rose. Few theatrical producers know more about girls and glamour than Billy. Scene at the Casa Manana, his New York City night-club

THE PEOPLE'S SHOWMAN COMES TO TOWN

Laughter might unite the nations where the politicians fail. That is the belief of Billy Rose, "the People's Showman," who has come to London to promote Anglo-American friendship through the exchange of popular entertainers. His picturesque story is told

by HANNEN SWAFFER

BILLY ROSE, a short man, quiet-mannered and with unpretentious mien, arrived in London hoping to find another world to conquer.

He wanted to sell it luxury entertainment at a price that nearly everyone could pay. For he calls himself "The People's Showman."

But when he saw the ruins in the City, realised how poor we were, and heard the stories of the queues, he felt almost ashamed.

"I didn't know," he told me. "True, I saw the newsreels of the blitz. But that was five years ago. Life moves fast. We soon forget."

So he devoted his time to planning an exchange of plays between London and Broadway, "to improve our relationship."

He sought from the Ministry of Labour permission to bring here "Carmen Jones," a modern setting of "Carmen," with an all-Negro cast of seventy-five. This has run for three years in the States. He would take his payment in kind.

More, he was overwhelmed by the brilliance of the production of "Henry IV," its acting, its direction, and its decor. "After only ten minutes I knew I was in the most expertly run theatre in the world," he said. So he wants to take the Old Vic company to America.

"I don't want any money out of it for myself," he declares. "Indeed, I will give all the profits to Anglo-American charities. I yearn to let Broadway see what, despite your poverty, you can do.

"Broke or not, a race like yours cannot be kept down. It has such talent—and courage.

"I back brains in my business. America should do the same when dealing with your needs.

"I shall tell my fellow-countrymen when I get back. They don't know. Your case has been badly put in the States. They talk in high finance. They should talk in terms of people."

Ambassador of Friendship

Who is this newly inspired ambassador of Anglo-American friendship?

Born in the slums of the East Side of New York, he became—when he was only nineteen—the shorthand champion of the United States by writing 280 words in a minute. After being a stenographer on a newspaper, he was private secretary to Bernard M. Baruch, afterwards Secretary of the War Industries Board, one of the six richest men in the country, and a man destined to wield great influence over Roosevelt.

But it was the Stage that called Billy Rose.

Between 1920 and 1930 he wrote the lyrics for many popular songs, including "Without a Song," and was what he calls "an alleged entertainer."

Then he staged, in scarcely more than a dozen years, no fewer than sixty shows, big and little.

Those, he told me, were the days when, if you were in the night-club business, you had to take in a gangster as your partner—"letting him take a cut," they called it—"or else. . . ." That meant that your "joint" was smashed up, there was a strike among the staff, or the lights were cut off.

That era ended when La Guardia became Mayor and Tom Dewey began his clean-up. Lucky Luciano and other big shots went to Sing-Sing, either to the electric chair or for long imprisonment. So night life became a comparative sleep.

In the Casa Manana, one night club that Billy Rose opened, he introduced to the public unknown artistes who since have achieved fame and wealth—Abbott and Costello, Danny Kaye, Van Johnson and Betty Hutton.

He put on "Jumbo," in which Paul Whiteman and Jimmy Durante appeared. A year ago he brought back the Ziegfeld Theatre "from the movies" amidst a storm of protest, and, after its rehabilitation, revived a Victor Herbert triumph.

When, a fortnight ago, he left New York, he had arranged for a revival of "Show Boat."

Battle of Glamour

It was because of the rivalry of Dallas and Fort Worth, two Texas cities, that I first heard of Billy Rose. The centenary of the Battle of the Alamo had given Dallas the idea of putting itself on the map with a mammoth exposition that would boast of the achievements of Texas.

Fort Worth, very jealous, sent for Billy Rose, a specialist in girls and glamour. It put up 25,000,000 dollars and said: "Put on a leg-show. Dallas is exhibiting machinery. We'll have entertainment."

"They paid me 1,000 dollars a day," says Billy—"and they got their money's worth. 'Dallas for Education, but Forth Worth for Entertainment,' was our slogan. You can guess who won."

But it was the World's Fair in New York that, in 1939, gave Billy Rose his real title to fame.

He conceived the Aquacade—a mammoth water spectacle with 160 swimmers, girls and men, and 50 performers—and, although laughed at, insisted: "Let's charge 40 cents. Then, everyone will come. They've all got 40 cents."

So, in New York, in one season, and in the San Francisco Exhibition in the following year, the Aquacade attracted 48,000 enthralled sight-seers a day, or 11,000,000 in two summers."

Soon the words, "The People's Showman," had burnt themselves in Billy Rose's brain.

He became King of the Night Clubs, popularising the most luxurious, "The Diamond Horseshoe," by charging the equivalent of 12s. 6d.—what many pay for a film in the West End of London—for a seven-course dinner followed by a most luxurious entertainment. He mixed up two dance orchestras and "the girls" with nostalgic tunes. "I'm heavy on the old songs," he says.

That was what—until he saw our ruins—Billy wanted to bring here to amuse the masses.

He is now seeking to impress upon the Government the need for an exchange of top-line artistes between ourselves and the States.

After seeing them at the Variety Command Show, which almost mesmerised him, he says that Sid Fields, Will Hay and Tommy Trinder would be sensations on Broadway. On the other hand, he says, we would welcome a return of Sophie Tucker and Harry Richman, and new faces such as Herman Hyde and Company, a musical turn, and dance-teams like Velos and Yolande.

"And I would like to take back for my show some of the girls I see in your London streets," he says. "It is in the streets and not on the stage that I see the most glamorous English beauties."

THE WRONG WAY TO TREAT RUSSIA

"Those Russians! What's their game now?" Distrust, innuendo, suspicion. There's been far too much of it. True, we are not the only ones to blame—it takes two to make friends. But until we DO make friends with Russia, there'll be no real peace for any of us

by THE EDITOR

"KEEP EVER IN MIND that what we are out for to-day is to try to devise a world policy of the common man."

Brave words by Attlee, speaking at the White House about his talks with Truman.

Yet the common man looks at the international scene—and wonders.

He realises that the atom bomb, besides hastening the collapse of Japan, has already done what Hitler failed to achieve. It has split the Big Three; divided the great Allies who finished the war in a heartening comradeship of arms.

Who would have thought that so soon after Yalta and Potsdam the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain would have found it possible to hold a conference from which the head of the U.S.S.R. was pointedly and perhaps necessarily excluded?

Remember David Low's famous cartoon of the fateful Munich meeting in 1938. Hitler, Chamberlain, Daladier and Mussolini sitting down—the uninvited Stalin looking in and asking with eyebrows menacingly and quizzically raised: "What—no chair for me?"

That conference, which led only to disillusionment and war, might have gone very differently if Russia had been invited to it by a British Government working in harmony with the U.S.S.R. But we didn't trust Russia then, and Russia was suspicious of us. So Hitler had his way and the war became inevitable.

The scene is changed to-day. The Axis lies defeated and broken and the hopes and thoughts of man are turned towards peace.

But the atomic bomb is more explosive and dangerous than Nazi Germany, and still we find Russia barred from the conference table by suspicion and mistrust.

We are supposed to console ourselves with the fact that the "secrets" of the bomb are in the hands of trustworthy nations. But the scientists point out that there is no safety at all in this so-called secrecy. It cannot last.

Slow-Motion Programme

Meanwhile, Attlee and Truman, with Mackenzie King of Canada, have made their plans for the control of atomic energy.

The bomb details will remain in the custody of America, Britain and Canada until "effective reciprocal and enforceable safeguards" are found. The responsibility for devising these safeguards will lie with the United Nations Organisation, planned as the modern substitute for the League of Nations.

Scientific information will be exchanged step by step, and progress from one stage to the next will depend entirely on the successful establishment of "confidence" among the nations. (Very difficult to define, and who is to decide when it exists?)

This is a slow-motion programme for security. It doesn't slam the door on Russia, leaving her permanently outside the development of atomic force. It implies that if she is willing to share "secrets" with us, we'll share them with her, as soon as we feel a little more settled and secure.

But the prospects of lasting peace will remain poor unless the underlying causes of mistrust between Russia and ourselves are recognised and removed.

Let us be perfectly frank about the world situation. Although the United Nations' Organisation may, if it isn't strangled at birth, eventually include nearly all the former Great Powers except Germany and Japan, it is necessary to remember that, for some years at least, the real power in the world must remain in the keeping of the Big Three, with Britain becoming relatively less strong than her much larger partners as disarmament and demobilisation proceed, and the Empire Forces go home.

Why Russia Was "Sore"

The maintenance of peace will therefore depend for some time to come on the avoidance of any serious quarrel about real or imaginary "vital interests" among these Three.

Can they keep the peace?

Of course they can, if America and Britain are able to establish relations with Russia as straightforward and friendly as their dealings with each other.

But that isn't easy, and the recent deadlock has shown some of the difficulties.

The first sign of trouble was the breakdown of the Council of Foreign Ministers in London. Outwardly, the Conference collapsed on a point of procedure, but it was apparent that Russia was "sore" about something, and significant that President Truman had just announced America's intention of sitting on the secret of the atom bomb.

There are other differences of opinion between Russia and the Western Powers—about Japan, about German reparations, about changes in Eastern Europe, and Russian demands for a place in the Mediterranean.

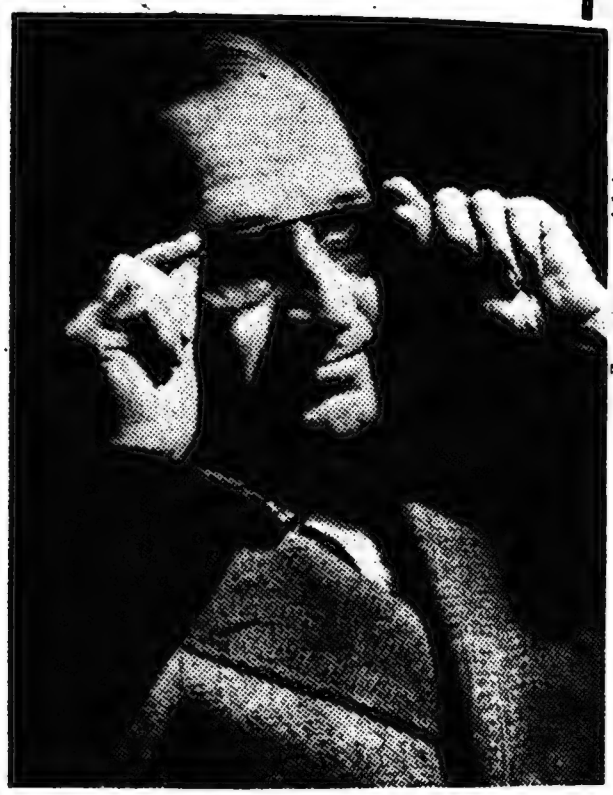
But these differences are not in themselves so serious. Disputes and disagreements at least as serious have arisen between ourselves and America, but there is no fear or dangerous jealousy between us.

That is because our relations are founded on the trust and co-operation of true friends.

We can confide secrets to each other with perfect safety.

We can even share a terrible weapon like the atomic bomb without losing any sleep worrying about whether one of us will use it against the other.

It has probably never occurred to those



responsible for Britain's defence that one Super Fortress with the latest type of atom bomb might wipe out most of London.

But if atomic bombs were being manufactured now in Russia, beyond the Urals, what sleepless nights we would have every time we said "Boo!" to Molotov!

It all comes down to a matter of trust, and the real question about world peace is not how we can "outlaw" or control atomic bombs, but whether we can get our relations with Russia on something approaching the same level of mutual trust and understanding as our dealings with the United States.

Too Serious to be Evaded

Of course, there are formidable obstacles.

Our friendship with America is assisted by the sharing of language, institutions and ideas and cemented by ties of kinship. We both believe in complete freedom of speech and of the individual. We both dislike war and will embark on it only in defence of our liberties. In making an approach to Russia we find that all these advantages, except possibly the last, are replaced by drawbacks.

Yet the issue is much too serious to be evaded.

If peace is to be preserved for the future, if the world is not to be allowed to sink once again into a state of international suspicion and armed menace, made more frightful by the threat of atomic bombs, the British and

WHAT, NO CHAIR FOR ME ?

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David Low's famous cartoon of Munich showed Hitler, Chamberlain, Daladier and Mussolini, sitting down—the uninvited Stalin looking in.

the Russians MUST become friends, with the Americans not far behind.

If the statesmen cannot do it, then the people of Britain must take it upon themselves.

The Russians were magnificent Allies in war. Let us try to find out what kind of friends they can be in peace. It won't be easy, because the Russian Government doesn't exactly encourage the free interchange of news and ideas, and there is a long history of enmity between us which has not been entirely wiped out by the comradeship of war.

But it can be done.

First, we must break down the barriers of distrust and suspicion.

We Share the Blame

Remember the war days, when the only hope seemed to lie in the long-drawn-out, bloody battles fought almost single-handed by the valiant Red Army.

Remember that Russia has never in her history embarked on aggression except when she feared Germany would strike at her through Finland.

Remember that we, too, are partly to blame for recent differences and suspicions.

The Russians have been "difficult." Admittedly. But we have been far too ready to see a threat in any unexplained action on their part which we did not understand.

Consider what happened when an unconfirmed report got around that refugees were leaving the Russian zone in Germany and moving into the British zone. At once the story was magnified into "mass expulsions" from the Russian zone and presented in British newspapers as a flagrant breach of the Potsdam agreement.

Can we honestly say that our reaction on that occasion was friendly? No. If a friend does something which appears wrong and against your interests, you do not accuse him of it until you have first made sure he is really doing what you suspected, and asked him for his reasons.

And if you are involved in trouble with a friend you are not afraid he will suspect you of weakness should you give way to him when he seems to be getting the best of the argument.

The Way to War

There has been much anxiety to avoid "appeasement" in recent diplomatic dealings with Russia, and our Foreign Secretary, Ernest Bevin, spoke so sharply in Parliament that he might easily have been talking to Hitler. Was it necessary to speak of Russia as "coming across the throat of the British Commonwealth" because she had displayed a quite understandable desire for a place in the Mediterranean?

Too often we have treated Russia, not as an ally but as a possible enemy.

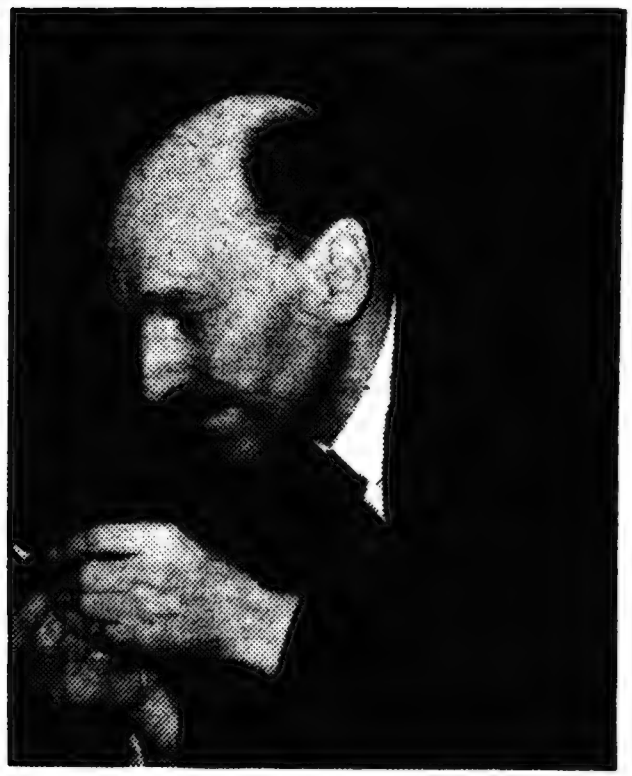
That is the way to war.

Let us turn aside from it and try to get to know Russia better and understand her motives.

It is not conceivable that the U.S.S.R. wants war. She needs peace as much as we do, and her most "suspicious" moves are almost certainly dictated more by fear of American and British intentions than by aggressive ideas.

We must try to remove that fear. War between us could never happen if the people of Britain really *knew* the people of the U.S.S.R.

Believing in that and in the preservation of peace as the outstanding necessity of this atomic world, JOHN BULL intends to do everything in its power to further good relations with Russia and to help its readers to know and understand the Russians.



Attlee and Truman (left) have made their plans. "A slow-motion programme for security" which doesn't slam the door on Russia. But something more is needed to remove the underlying causes of suspicion between the three Great Powers.

WHAT BEVIN REALLY SAID

MR. BEVIN turned to his own supporters as he made a point. Then, aware of the glum silence on the Government back benches, he let his arms fall to his sides in a gesture of angry despair—while the Opposition cheered.

This is what the Foreign Secretary actually said:

"If I may refer to Russia . . . we have met almost every demand that we ever thought would be made. At Moscow, at Yalta, and the rest of those conferences, no one dreamed there would be further territorial demands except here or there and the Straits adjustment. One would have thought everything had been conceded.

"I must say that having conceded all this, and not having taken one inch of territory, or asked for it, one cannot help being a little suspicious if a great Power wants to come right across, shall I say, the throat of the British Commonwealth, which has done no harm to anybody, but has fought this war."

FREE SPEECH

CHILDREN NEED STUDY, NOT STUNTS

Nice clothes "export only." Queueing: a bad habit. Housekeepers have kind hearts. Demob. scheme prevents unemployment. London's refrigerator look. The plumber goes back for his tools. Peep-holes in wage-packets

IN THE SENIOR SCHOOL where I work, we received in September a class of twenty-three children, all aged over eleven. Nineteen of these pupils could either not read at all, or very imperfectly. Mistakes were made frequently in three-letter words.

School time is now taken up with games, milk, meals, listening to the radio, stunt weeks and visits from organisers of all kinds. The average child wants to be entertained and not instructed.

Experts agree that the rudiments of true education are founded by constant repetition and application. It does not follow that the attempt to make education attractive is in the best interests of the child.—H. R. VODREY, 44, Station Road, Alsager, Cheshire.

IT IS NOT SURPRISING that young people fail hopelessly at examinations now. They have had only a part-time education during the war.

But they have done a grand job with their school gardening and harvesting. The children, in fact, are to be pitied because their education has been so sadly neglected. And now is the time for our whole system to have a thorough overhaul. — J. H. K., Curzon Street, Leicester.

Pity the Postman

CANNOT SOMETHING be done to stop these chain letters? My daughter and I often get them. It is a pity that the sender cannot be made to deliver them instead of the postman. — BEATRICE HARPER, The Haven, Burton Road, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

*** JOHN BULL'S advice about chain letters always used to be to put them on the fire. Now we suggest the salvage pile.—EDITOR.

Shop Window Torture

WE ARE TOLD by the Board of Trade that we must manage with our present issue of clothing coupons. We have gone so long without the luxury of a new suit or a new frock that it is not fair to aggravate us with shop windows full of attractive garments labelled "For Export Only."

Better no display than the irritation caused by showing these goods.—L. R. THEXTON, 36, Lyme Cross Road, Huyton, Liverpool.

Last Advice

IN THESE austerity days you can imagine my feelings when two fully trained boot repairers told me that my best pair of shoes was past mending.

Eventually I sent them to a blind repairer—an ex-Serviceman of the last war trained by St. Dunstan's. Within four days they were back, soled and heeled, and nearly as good as new. — H. V. FORSTER, 37, The Crescent, Seghill, Northumberland.

Unbelievably Happy

IF IT IS NOT TOO LATE, may I reply to Mrs. J. A., who was worried because she could not believe in life after death (JOHN BULL, October 13).

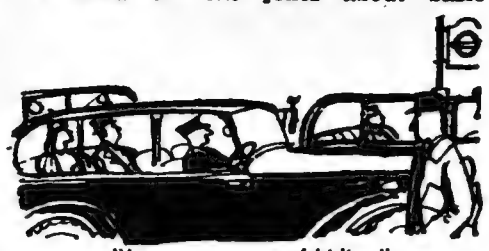
I am a Rationalist and likewise disbelieve in a life hereafter as well as nearly all the Christian doctrines and dogmas. They do not bear the light of reason. Your correspondent hit the nail right on the head when she said that belief exists only because man is reluctant and afraid to face the cold fact of death.

But why should religious belief make anyone happier? My own experience of the religious-minded does not confirm that. And, speaking for myself, the shedding of belief has, if anything, added to the zest of living.—G. L. BENNETT, 259, Broad Lane, Bramley, Leeds.

Traffic Query

STANDING IN A 'BUS QUEUE the other day in the West End I was amazed to see the number of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars that passed.

I know all the jokes about basic



"Luxury cars out of hiding"

petrol going a long way, and have heard that Socialist taxation is crippling the upper classes, but why is it that the luxury cars have come out of their war time hiding places so very promptly? —E. C. T., Eastcote Road, Ruislip, Middlesex.

One-Woman Queue

OUT VERY EARLY one morning, I went into a confectioner's and asked for a cake. There were lots on the counter. The assistant was taken aback and explained quickly that the shop was not open yet.

I asked her how, in that case, I could have got in.

She then tried a different line, and told me: "You can't have a cake without queueing—it would not be fair to the others."

I got my cake after some firm words, and left more than ever convinced that this idea of queueing, once reasonable, is now just a bad habit.—MRS. NORAH SMITH, 10, Herondale Road, Liverpool 18.

Happy on £3 a Week

YOUR READER, Noel Brown, says he has only one child because he and his wife could not keep more on £4 4s. a week. (JOHN BULL, November 3.) I have two sons and a husband at home, and I manage to keep them clean, tidy and well fed on £3 a week.

I have been told they are a credit to me. It can be done with great care and common-sense. — M. L., Canterbury, Kent.

Snub for Miss Williams

I AM ONE OF THE Northerners who "has made London hideous this summer"—to quote Penelope Williams' letter (JOHN BULL, November 3).

I went to spend my holiday with my husband who is working on bomb repairs. Certainly I gaped a bit, mostly with tears in my eyes—tears of pride in a city which Hitler's air force could not destroy. As I walked the streets I kept saying, "They couldn't beat London."

Oh, Miss Williams, don't be hard on us from the north. We were very thankful to be able to give shelter to Londoners during the bombing. We are very proud of London and the people who live there.—D. READER, Dewsbury, Yorkshire.

On Nether Regions

AFTER YOU PUBLISHED my letter (JOHN BULL, November 3), I was overwhelmed with correspondence from readers who sympathised with my lack of pyjama trousers. Some, who wear out coats quicker than trousers, offered to exchange with me.

Thanks to the "legs" given me in the

"My dear, I hear the upper classes are going to revolt. May I put you down to man the barricades?"

"I have got a lower half"

drawing by your artist no offer of marriage has resulted. Still, I have got a lower half instead of a better half. What good sports JOHN BULL readers are.—W. TAYLOR, 99, Greencroft Gardens, N.W.6.

BLACK-OUT CURTAINS make excellent men's pyjamas. Pyjamas that are beyond repair can be unpicked to provide a pattern. The making is not difficult. And black pyjamas look quite attractive.—MRS. GODFREY, Mortimer Street, W.1.

Celluloid Housekeepers

ON THE FILMS, housekeepers are always shown as stern, strait-laced people shunned by everyone. What about the British studios showing a housekeeper as she really is?—conscientious and well-liked.—Miss M. B., Great George Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.

P-r-r-roud of It!

SCOTSMEN WHO HAVE LIVED and worked in London for twenty or thirty years still cling to their Scottish accent. Is it affectation or conceit?

I am a Yorkshireman, but I defy anyone to detect it from my speech. These Scotsmen take our money in the south and some of them find wives here. I think they ought to speak English out of gratitude and respect.—C. C., Brighton.

Queen Alfreda

JOHN BULL is always interesting, but the other day it was too interesting. Our whole week's meat ration got burned while my wife was reading. No clue to my name, please—my wife would be very embarrassed.—"STARVING," Suffolk.

Voluhteered: Group 52

I AM A MARRIED MAN, aged thirty-four, and have two children. Away back in 1940 I tried lots of times to get into the Army, but my employers would not let me go. By 1944 I had a really good job and I decided to forget the Army.

Then the firm let me go to another job and I was called up straight away. I am in Group 52 and have no idea when I shall be out. Is this quite fair when I tried hard to join up in 1940?—SAPPER W. C. (Address enclosed.)

Rarity in Uniform

I AM THAT RARITY, the soldier who is quite satisfied with the present demobilisation scheme, provided, of course, that it is revised from time to time.

My reason? The example of what has happened in America. The more millions they release there, the nearer seems to be the threat of mass unemployment.

In this country, after the last war, the politicians and business men played on the soldier's longing to get home and tried to force the Government to release men before everything was ready for them. I remember dole

Continued on page 18

TAKE THESE BOYS FROM DARTMOOR

Through these gates have passed some of Britain's worst criminals. To-day, the sinister walls and depressing moor are breaking the spirits of young boys. *John Bull* demands their immediate transfer from Dartmoor Prison

The first batch of Borstal boys has arrived at Dartmoor. The decision to send young offenders to the grim old prison has shocked the nation. Here, GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON, who has made a detailed study of the problem, attacks the decision and gives seven reasons for reversing it

ONE DAY, I suppose, a genius may arise who will interpret for ordinary folk the workings of the official mind. I wonder what he will make of this insistence by the Home Office that one of the most terrible prisons in history is "the only practicable remedy" for easing the strain placed upon Borstal institutions by the increase in juvenile delinquency?

It is a shameful decision.

The Home Secretary admits that when the proposition was first put before him he marked the paper: "I am revolted by this suggestion."

What, then, caused him to change his mind?

In all fairness it must be stated that the authorities are faced by a most difficult problem. As is usual after a great war, the juvenile delinquency figures have soared.

Indictments in 1938-39 for children under fourteen numbered 15,558, and for youngsters between fourteen and seventeen, 12,317.

Last year the corresponding figures were 24,078 and 16,043.

But let us be fair to the children, too. Remember that most of them have had their entire home life disrupted. Fathers have been away fighting, many never to return. Mothers worked in factories.

They Deserve Pity

Youngsters growing up in the war years have seen all ordinary sense of values shattered.

They are to be pitied.

This problem is not receiving the attention it deserves. When juvenile delinquency was discussed in Parliament there were barely thirty M.P.s present!

Again, when the Home Secretary was defending the Dartmoor proposal his fellow-members allowed even his most hollow arguments to go unchallenged.

He said, for instance, that because of the increase in crime, some 600 youths are at the present time being detained in ordinary prisons awaiting vacancies in Borstal institutions.

"Immediate action is required," he declared, "to remedy this most unsatisfactory state of affairs."

On the face of it, these high-sounding sentiments are quite plausible. But as an argument for sending boys to Dartmoor they cannot stand for a moment. They are also very misleading—the inference being that it is unusual for boys to be kept waiting in prison surroundings.

Actually it is part of the accepted Borstal system. Certain wings of prisons have been declared to be Borstal institutions and are set apart exclusively for that purpose. Wormwood Scrubs is used to house boys who have seriously misbehaved themselves in a training institution and also as a reception and classification centre.

Feltham Boys' Prison is used for cases unfit, on medical grounds, for training in ordinary institutions. Chelmsford Prison is used for those whose licences have been revoked. Part of Aylesbury jail is set aside for girls, and part of Holloway Prison is used to accommodate girls whose licences have been revoked.

Again, the Home Secretary told the House that, though he was hopeful of obtaining camp accommodation in the near future, that would not provide a solution of the immediate problem because camps have to be equipped and staffed, and living quarters must be made available for married staff and their families.

Dartmoor married quarters have always been outside the prison. They are scattered and situated in a most depressing climate.

Finally, it was said that the boys "will be employed in outdoor work on the farm, and in some of the excellent workshops there, where they can be given some training."

I pity any boy who is sent to work on the Dartmoor farms. Even in summer the moor is a prey to sudden mists and blinding rainstorms. In winter the area round Princetown has one of the cruellest climates known. Prisoners can trace their names in the moisture clinging to the walls.

Dartmoor has long been condemned by responsible people as wholly unfit even for the most hardened offenders.

One significant fact will bring this home to anyone. It was the custom in the prison service to send warders who were in disgrace for a spell of duty at Dartmoor.

Wrapping it Up!

I have before me a document issued by the Home Office for "Press and Broadcast." It is headed, "A New Borstal Institution," and sums up all that officialdom thinks about the Dartmoor scheme.

It also "wraps it up" very obviously. It is not until the tenth paragraph is reached that the first mention of Dartmoor occurs. Not until the twelfth paragraph is the idea of using it as a Borstal institution first propounded.

Then comes this choice extract: "The Home Secretary and the Prison Commissioners take this step with reluctance. They are conscious that the name of Dartmoor is associated in the public mind with a tradition very different from those ideas of constructive training which are an essential feature of the Borstal system."

"Tradition" is good!

This statement then goes on: "There is no other building available to the Prison Commissioners which would be suitable."

I cannot believe this. Nor can I believe that the Commissioners have looked very far.

Had they done so they would have found a vast range of hospital buildings, erected by Americans, on another part of the moor near Yelverton, and now, apparently, likely to be left derelict. Although not far from the prison, the climate where these buildings stand is preferable to that round Princetown.

But why go to Devon? All over the country, well-built, well-equipped camps are now being released.

No Excuse

The excuse that it would be difficult to adapt such places simply will not wash. The authorities are not finding it too much trouble to attempt to adapt Dartmoor.

If the authorities have not searched very hard, they don't seem to have thought very hard, either.

The limit of a Borstal sentence is three years. Would it not be possible to speed up the training so that boys of good character may win early release, thus providing more vacancies in existing institutions?

Absolute safe custody isn't an overriding consideration, and officials admit that very few Borstal boys or girls abuse the trust placed in them. There are escapes or attempts at escape certainly, but they are fractional.

In any case, the lads are all graded after careful study at their first reception centre, so it should be a simple matter to send those of more promising character to open camps.

Finally, I would invite the Home Secretary to ponder very earnestly the following seven points:—

1. That young offenders ought not to be sent to prison, so long as that course can by any means be avoided, is taken for granted.

2. Punishment should seek not to repress but to reform, not to humiliate but to restore.

3. The Borstal system aims at the all-round development of character and capacities, moral, mental, physical and vocational.

4. This conception requires conditions as unlike those of a prison as is compatible with compulsory detention.

5. The governing ideas of our contemporary prison system are now just fifty years old.

6. No more difficult task could be set than to use a prison as the instrument for making better men or women — particularly when the prisons are still those built a hundred years ago.

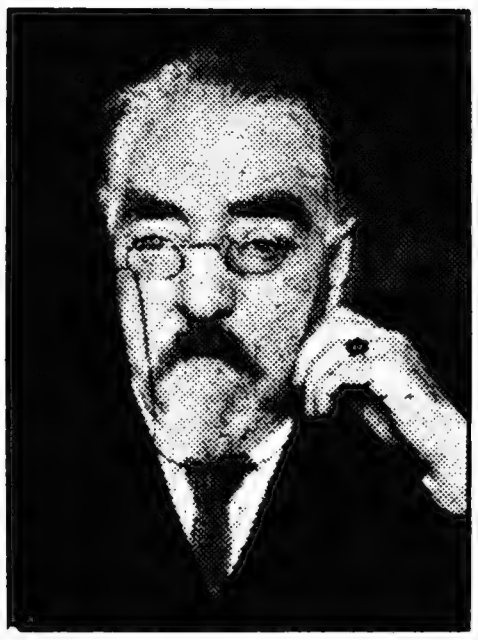
7. If harm is done by wrong methods of punishment the whole community is answerable.

These points are quoted from "Prisons and Borstals," a statement of policy and practice issued by the Home Office this year!

How such principles are to be reconciled with the Dartmoor decision is something which the genius I mentioned earlier may one day explain. I cannot.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF BEATRICE WEBB

She started out by fighting votes for women and seeking safeguards against the "dangers" of Socialism. She ended as one of Britain's greatest Socialists, who, with her husband, practically founded the Labour Party. Though she died only the other day, Beatrice Webb is already a figure of history



"Whenever Sidney Webb stopped talking it was fairly certain that Beatrice would take up the argument"

SITTING BEFORE THE FIRE one October afternoon, Beatrice Potter turned to her old nurse and said, "Surely some of the Aked family must be our kin?"

The nurse sat back, put her hands on her knees and answered, "Well, let's see.' There followed a rambling analysis of the relations between the high-born, wealthy Potters and another branch of the family which had remained factory hands in the North of England.

It was an odd picture. It set wealth beside poverty, leisure and spacious living beside a harsh daily round, and all against the same family background.

It also rekindled an old idea in Beatrice's mind. She had long wanted to see the working class side of her family, to meet them on their own ground, and get to know them.

Fascinating Personality

So, for the first time in her life, the woman who was to become an international figure under the name of Beatrice Webb, set out, unrecognised, to explore the ways of working class people.

It was a highly successful experiment.

Margaret Cole tells this story in her latest book. *Beatrice Webb* (Longmans, 10s. 6d.). It is one of those books which cannot fail because it deals with a fascinating personality. Yet it so nearly does fail.

The colour, the background, the small intimacies are all there waiting to be brought alive. But in the end, it is the material itself, and not Mrs. Cole's writing, which makes the book.

What material it is. Beatrice Webb was the greatest woman sociologist of our time. She did more to explore the facts of working class life and to bring those facts home to the nation than any other woman. Yet you find the wildest contradictions cropping up at every turn.

At one point she was searching for safeguards against Socialism—yet at another she had become an ardent Socialist herself. Alternately she distrusted Russia and became its devoted admirer.

But all these contradictions were an inevitable part of her intellectual honesty. She set out on her quests with certain ideas. But as fact after fact fell into place and perhaps proved exactly the opposite, she realised that she was wrong and admitted it.

When Beatrice first met Sidney Webb, she said that she was struck by his "utter disinterestedness." It was a case of like finding like.

It was her constant search for facts which first brought Sidney Webb into her life. Stuck for more information about the working class in the eighteenth century, she was recommended to try Webb "who literally pours out information."

On Sidney's part it was very nearly love at first sight. Beatrice proceeded more cautiously.

Then, one day they travelled together to a Co-operative Congress at Glasgow. Halfway down a street alive with boisterous crowds on the Whit-holiday, Sidney Webb suddenly paused and delivered the most hackneyed phrases in the world in a way quite his own.

Soon Discussing Marriage

Beatrice was still cautious. "You understand," she said, "that the chances are that nothing will come of it but friendship?"

Instead, of course, they were discussing marriage very shortly.

Beatrice recorded in her diary when they were engaged: "We are both of us second-rate minds, but we are curiously combined. . . ."

Yes, they were curiously combined and to monumental purpose. Between them they undertook gigantic research into social conditions.

Their huge books began to multiply. First there was *The History of Trade Unionism*, in which Bernard Shaw had a hand. Then came *Industrial Democracy*. Later, a trip to Russia produced *Soviet Communism*, published in 1935.

Meanwhile, their work became apparent behind a dozen other scenes. They were partly responsible for the Fabian Society—and from the Fabians came the London School of Economics and the Labour Research Department.

It was Webb, too, who more or less founded the Labour Party. Certainly he worked out the Constitution of its first political programme.

So the remarkable partnership penetrated from the highbrow level down to the man in the street.

Books, pamphlets, lectures and debates, the spate of words gathered volume until they had become a torrent. Even the people who violently disagreed with them had to wonder at the sheer mountain of work which went into it all.

Ruthless Interruptions

They were in the habit of saying it personally as well as in writing. Many a group of debaters was overwhelmed by Webb's ruthless interruptions when anyone started talking what he considered nonsense.

He would break in and take charge of the conversation. He had great staying power.

Whenever he stopped talking it was fairly certain that Beatrice would take up the argument.

Yes, they were sometimes too dogmatic, too certain that they could say the last word on any subject. But the failings were nothing beside what they achieved.

They set a new wind blowing through the cobwebbed corners of the British scene. They spent their energies on everything except themselves. When the history of the great social reformers of the twentieth century comes to be written the Webbs will get high place.

VINCENT BROME.

by IAN FOX

6.30 a.m. Thank Heaven, no need to get up. No being shouted at. No ordering about. I'm a civvy now. No parades ever again. Oh, lord, I forgot. I start work to-day. Back at the old office. Still, needn't get up for another hour. Good-night all. Lovely way these civvies live. . . .

HELL, what a start to a day. Dried eggs for breakfast. Ma said I'd eaten all my bacon. Queued for half an hour for the 'bus. Arrived at office late. Old Parker looked over his glasses.

Interview by Freeman, big boss. Seemed quite human. Not long demobbed himself. Asked what rank I was. Said "Private." Said he didn't know what the Army would do without them.

Back at the desk. Given a lot of figures to check. Lousy job. Still, plenty of time.

Should like a tea and a bun. Just about this time in the Army we all used to flood over to the Naafi. Wonder if Betty, the girl with the tea urn, is still there.

Hell. Parker wants to know if I've finished those figures. What does he expect? I could make that job last a morning.

Says they're wanted in twenty minutes. Tells me to pass the job over to Captain Green. Say, "Captain who?" He shows me. I see he means Fishface, the junior we used to kick round the office before the war.

More work. Percentages. Can't remember how to do it. Decide to ask blonde typist. Go over and say, "Hello, sugar." She goes on typing.

Move to more helpful-looking typist in corner. She says, "You've just been demobbed, haven't you?" Say yes. She says, "So have I. Intelligence Corps. Lieutenant."

WE'D JUST BE getting eats if I were back with the boys. Think I'll go to lunch. Tell Parker. He says not till one o'clock.

Bloke comes up and I recognise Johnny Hillman. Good fellow. We often used to have a quick one together pre-war. Secretary woman comes and says to him timidly, "Excuse me, Wing-Commander Hillman." Hmmm!

Go out to lunch at last. Queue. One rissole, cabbage, boiled potatoes, semolina pudding—half a dollar. Why don't they allow us in the Y.M.C.A.? Shall have to find a good coffee-stall.

Given a lot of invoices to deal with. In the Army they'd have put six men on it and given them a day. I'm expected to do it alone in a couple of hours. Complain.

Office boy sent to help me. He does job in no time. Seems to think I'm rather a fool. See familiar face but can't remember name.

Ask office boy. Says "That's Commander Higgins. Filing department." Well, *that* squirt. Wonder if big boss Freeman was a Field-Marshal.

Beginning to miss my afternoon sleep. Got to go on until six o'clock. In the Army I could have been cleaned up and down in the town talking to Queenie at the Kosy Korner café by five.

New batch of invoices. Don't they ever stop in this place? Doubt if I'll last until pay day.

Then income tax, keep, cigarettes at full price, lunches, fares, and I want a winter overcoat. I don't reckon I could afford the Kosy Korner, even if it were here.

PARKER COMES UP and tells me figures I did this morning were all wrong. It might have cost the firm a couple of hundred pounds. Says I'm probably used to thinking it's only the Army that has to pay. Also says he's a taxpayer.

Fed up. Start picking little piece of plaster off the wall with penholder. Piece comes away. Continue until there is quite a big hole.

Stop suddenly, realising I'm not in billets now. Fill hole with blotting paper and hope it won't be noticed.

Nearly six, thank God. Now, what's this—more work? Oh! Oh-ha-ha! Memorandum from big chief Freeman: "Please note that, in future, all members of the staff will be referred to as 'Mr.' — (Signed) R. FREEMAN, Ex-Corporal."

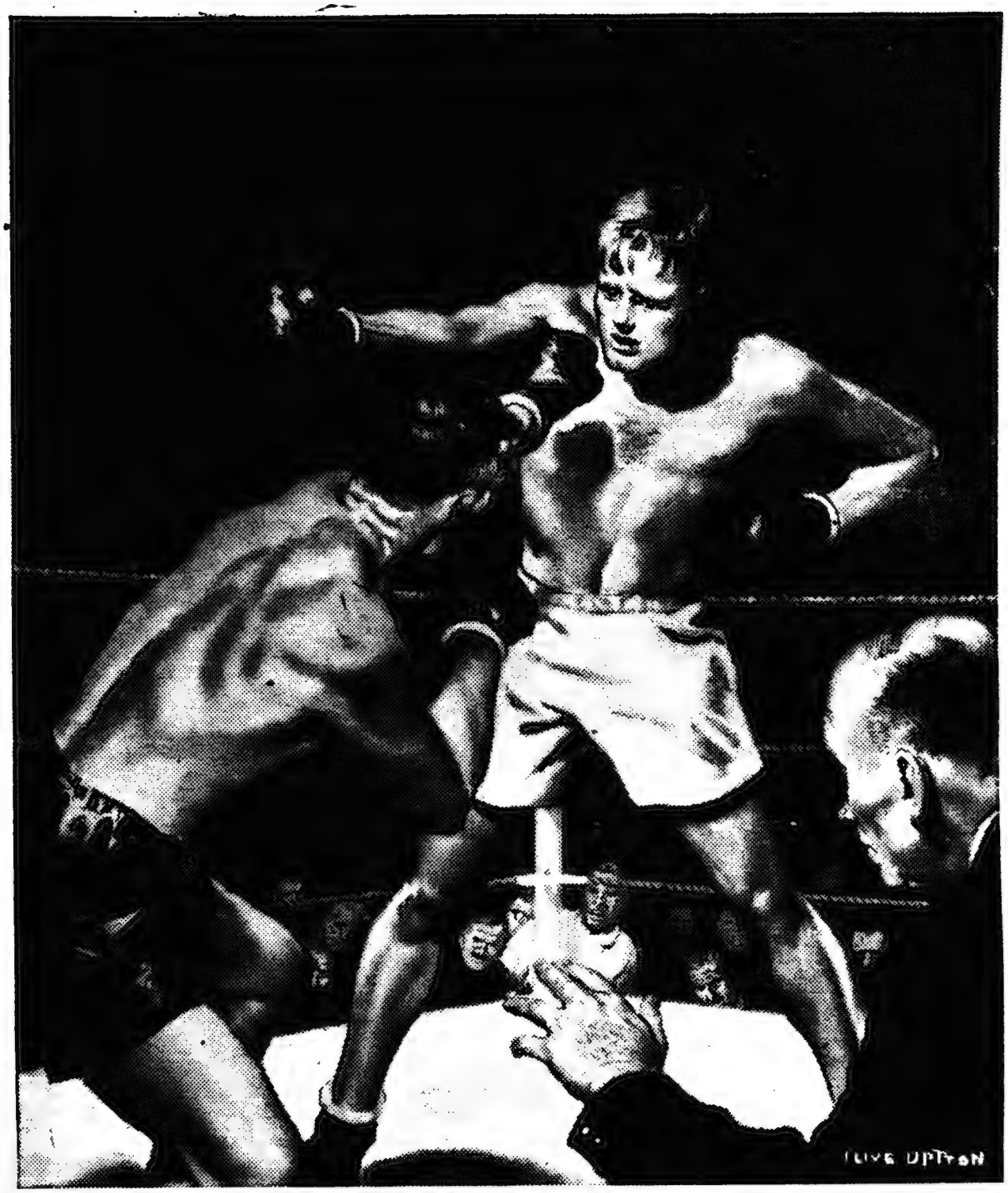
JOHN BULL SHORT STORY

the winner

George Moran was a fine boxer—but he was forty and the youngster's career depended on the result of the fight. When George stepped into the ring only he knew why he had to give the kid the worst beating he'd ever known

by KIMBALL McILROY

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE UPTON



As Freddie got angry and then desperate, George began watching for his wild swings

WHEN I RAN INTO George Moran at Al Sloan's training camp it was the first time I'd seen him in five years.

He hadn't changed much. He was a little grey, perhaps, but his weight was about the same. And his grip, when we shook hands, was as firm as ever. Those things count in a fighter.

"It's a long time, George," I said. "I thought you'd have been out of this game by now."

He was grinning the way I'd always remembered him. "Who ever got out of it?" he asked. "Anyway, I have a boy who's just getting started. I've got to show him the old man can still throw a punch, haven't I? Give him something to shoot at?"

You might not guess George was old enough to have a grown son. And he was a proud father at that.

They had travelled around together when George was fighting. They shared the good times and the bad. Then there had been a quarrel. The boy's mother was at the bottom of it somewhere, and they'd gone their separate ways.

George seemed to lose heart. He'd quit fighting for a while. But here he was back again and talking as if boxing was the only worthwhile thing in life.

I was at the camp to give Al Sloan some special coaching. Sloan was the light-heavyweight champion and George was one of his sparring partners. I'd met the others—Bob Gleason, a good middleweight contender, a lad named Freddie Sullivan, and three or four more. They were all younger than George and a lot less serious about boxing.

Go back fifteen years, and you'll remember George Moran as one of the finest boxers who ever pulled on a glove.

These kids were different. They didn't care about the finer points. Fighting to them was just getting up in the ring and slugging.

I REMEMBER George's first work-out with Sloan. Sloan tried to tee off on him. He was big and strong and carried dynamite in each hand. Of course, he beat George pretty badly. But he never managed to put him down.

Freddie Sullivan was just the opposite. He was a kid still in his teens and green as grass, but strong and as cocky as the champion. He stood up to Sloan and traded punches without caring how many he had to take himself.

"What do you think of him, Tom?" George asked me when the champ and Sullivan had finished.

"He's strong and he can hit," I said, not wanting to be too hard on the boy. "He doesn't know beans about boxing."

George nodded. "I'm fighting him in a preliminary to the title bout," he said. "Four rounds."

I tried not to show what I thought of that. Sullivan was awkward and slow, but he hit much too hard for George.

"He may learn something from you," I said. "Neither of you ought to take it too seriously. Just spar and give the crowd a show."

I couldn't see Sullivan agreeing to that. He seemed to have a dislike for George. All of them made things difficult for him. He talked too much about the old days.

One afternoon they began talking of how Sullivan was going to kill George in their preliminary. And how much money they were putting on Freddie.

"I've got even money you don't last two rounds," Bob Gleason said.

Sloan pushed his way into the group. "I'm going to double my purse by putting it on Sullivan in advance," he said. "You couldn't punch your way out of a wet paper bag."

George just smiled at him.

I didn't like to hear them talk that way. Particularly, as they were probably right. I asked George why he went through with it.

"You don't have to," I pointed out. "You don't need the money and nobody's going to think you're yellow if you let them substitute someone else."

George shook his head. "You're not looking at it the right way," he said. "The kid will beat me, sure. Do you think I don't know that? But it's better that way. I'm an old man and to me it doesn't matter. But he's young and has his career ahead of him and it'll give him a start."

It was to be Freddie Sullivan's first professional fight.

ONE night, a week before the fights, George came to my door in his pyjamas and dressing-gown.

"There's a lot of noise at the main house," he said. "Probably someone having a party. I don't mind being kept awake, but those kids need their sleep."

I had a pretty good idea of just what was going on, but I didn't say anything. It was better to let him find out for himself. I got up and went over to the house with him. We looked in through a window.

Sloan and Freddie Sullivan and Gleason and the others were there. They had some girls. Everyone was drunk. I watched for a minute or two, and then I looked at George.

"They have important bouts coming up in less than a week," he said. "What kind of condition do they think they're going to be in on Friday?" He acted as if he could hardly believe what he saw.

We stood there for another five minutes without speaking. Then we went back to bed.

Next morning at breakfast, George was quiet. The boys came in, one at a time, looking terrible and demanding black coffee. George was sitting opposite Freddie, who could hardly look at his breakfast.

"Do you think you ought to do what you were doing last night when you have a fight next week?" said George, at last.

"After I've knocked you out next

Friday I'll show you a real party," answered Freddie.

George said to me later, "You know, if I thought that my boy was going to get the idea that boxing is like this—liquor, women, parties and no training—I'd want to see him either out of the game, or take a beating."

PEOPLE USUALLY ARRIVE late at a championship fight because they come to see the main event. The stadium was only half-full when George and Freddie climbed into the ring.

George looked old and very tired.

Yet when the bell rang it was strange to see him change. He seemed to drop his age with his dressing-gown. Even his expression changed. His eyes narrowed and he moved around the ring as lightly and easily as he'd ever done.

Freddie was too strong from the start. George swung hard and couldn't hurt him, and then Freddie threw a right that sent George back into the ropes. It looked as if the fight was over right there.

But George came off the ropes with his left hand out jabbing, and he weaved and crouched and feinted so cleverly that Freddie couldn't get another solid punch at him. And all the time George's left was moving, not hard, but often, into Freddie's face.

When the round ended George came back to his corner as fresh as when he'd started.

Freddie started off the second round the way he had the first. He was annoyed at George for making him look foolish and he tried to finish the fight quickly.

As Freddie got angry and then desperate, George began watching for his wild swings, ducking them and then stepping in for a right or left to the jaw himself. But I knew it couldn't last long. Sooner or later Freddie was certain to connect and that would be the end of the fight.

That third round went to show the difference if a man is in condition, if he's trained and ready for a fight. George was nearly forty years old and was moving every minute. Freddie was just a kid and was standing almost still in the centre of the ring and swinging wildly. Freddie was getting tired and desperate, leaving himself wide open to get a chance for just one solid punch.

GEORGE WAS NEVER A KILLER, never a one-punch fighter, but I'd seen him polish off a man before. There had always been a look on his face when he thought the end was coming, and he had it now. I sat on the edge of my seat. I couldn't help it. Even the crowd was quiet. They didn't know, most of them, who the two men in the ring were, but they sensed that something dramatic was happening.

If Freddie had been in condition or had taken the trouble to learn a little more about defending himself, he wouldn't have been hurt. He could have won easily.

It was only a matter of seconds and when it came it wasn't even a real knockout. Freddie was cut and bleeding, bruised and exhausted. He couldn't punch any more and he couldn't defend himself. He could hardly stand up. He didn't quit even when he was hopelessly beaten.

But the time came when his muscles just wouldn't obey any longer and he began to slide to the canvas. George hit him twice more as he was going and then stood back.

There wasn't a sound. George was coming back to his corner. He looked old again.

I felt that I wanted to climb into the ring and shake his hand. He needed someone to do that, and if his trainer hadn't been there, I'd have gone in and done it.

Because Freddie is George's boy and it's hard to give your own son a beating like George gave Freddie, no matter how certain you are that it's for his own good.

IMMORTAL—AND WHY

by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, by John Gilbert

Don Quixote

Reason is a dull dog: rarely does a hero behave with the sober sense proper to a town councillor. And of all irrational heroes the noblest, the most lovable lunatic, is Don Quixote.

He is the hero of generous impetuosity. We all have generous impulses, and we don't always act upon them. Practical considerations defeat good intentions. Don Quixote was undefeated.

It is not suggested that he was easy to live with. Nor was St. Francis.

His complement is Sancho Panza. Sancho, the peasant, has earthly common sense. Don Quixote has idealism without sense. He is spiritual man without the dross of rationality.

That often made his actions absurd. By walking or riding in a straight line, by refusing to deviate from a straight line, he fell into one scrape after another.

It is precisely the fertile invention of such incidents that makes "Don Quixote" the great book of a great character.

Before he wrote it Cervantes had lived without prosperity. As a soldier he did not rise from the ranks in five years' service. As tax-gatherer, he muddled his accounts. But he had observed Spain, then mistress of an Empire, and the background to "Don Quixote" accurately mirrors Spain of the early 17th century.

Towering before that background is the heroic grotesque, Don Quixote. He is an immortal paradox; he is comic and he is heroic. He was invented primarily to satirise chivalry. And the satire turned to sweetness.

Don Quixote damned the consequences. He had that sort of madness.

***Famous Names—of people, places and things—are the guide marks to History. In this new* JOHN BULL *series, Harold Brighouse will recall the stories that lie behind them with interesting facts which may be fresh to many of us.*

FREE SPEECH

Continued from page 14

queues and ex-Servicemen with their barrel-organs.

I prefer to continue with spit and polish now, if it means avoiding all that.—GUNNER H., Braunstone Camp, Leicester.

Our Own Trumpet

I WOULD LIKE TO congratulate you on the improved and larger JOHN BULL. You have so many good contributors who are masters of their subjects that it is a pleasure to read.

I back you up in your endeavours to achieve a better standard of life, a better country, and a better world.—C. W. HILLSON, High Street, Barkway, Royston, Herts.

CONGRATULATIONS and thanks for a greatly improved JOHN BULL. The cover drawings by Stanley Herbert are very fine. And what a pleasant surprise to find eight extra pages.

The new layout makes for easier reading. I look at these improvements as forerunners of many other good things to come.—JAMES W. WOODHOUSE, Hull House, Frances Street, Chesham, Bucks.

Those Plumbers Again

THE PLUMBER WHO DOES not turn up is an old joke. Here is the true story of one who did arrive.

He and his mate came just as I had got my baby to sleep near the front door. I hoped they would come in the back way. Not they. As I let them in over my freshly scrubbed hall, I fell backwards over the dog, and kicked over a bottle of milk.

The dog wakened the baby. The plumber and his mate waded through the milk to the kitchen sink. After a long conference they decided to come back in two days as they had not brought the proper tools.—MRS. D. J., Shropshire. (Address enclosed.)

Dead Pan Londoners

WHAT NATIONALITY are these creatures called Londoners? Unlike the rest of our countrymen they perpetually have a look of misery. Ask them the way and the answer is stony silence or "get a so-and-so 'bus."

Londoners cannot perform common

"Afraid they'll be spoken to"

courtesies. When they are travelling, they wear a frozen expression as if they lived in refrigerators. Some hide themselves behind newspapers because they are so afraid they will be spoken to.—L. L. J. BURTON, Freeling Street, N.1.

Pay Packet Puzzle

THIS WEEK I received my pay in an envelope with this instruction printed on the back: "If money in wallet does not agree with net wages AT ONCE inform pay office before breaking seal."

There are little holes punched in the back of the envelope, but I would like to know how anyone can count the money by looking through them. And what about the men who dare not open their envelopes before they get home?—JOHN MILLIGAN, 10, King Street, Maxwelltown, Dumfries.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

They Lived in Hovels

Continued from page 9

ildings, 28; buildings, 41; ousing, 5.

Do you wonder that rural rkers are bitter? Do the ople of the shops, factories, d offices, know the truth? Or they say: "what business is of ours?"

Let them remember two ings. These rural workers ve saved the nation from arvation twice within living emory

Their fight for better houses a part of the greater struggle r a decent way of life.

The men and women of the illages must have the support their comrades in other industries. The first step towards aining that support is to tell em the truth.

Slow Progress

Something is being done eady. Rural Councils are oing their best to extend ater mains. A housing survey in progress. Gas and electricity are reaching the villages. ut the process is slow.

No one thinks that houses can e plucked from the sky, or that ad cottages can be replaced by wave of a wand. But many hings can be done.

In one rural district of over wenty parishes, the survey has, o far, covered a part of one illage. And, when it is complete, it will be nothing but a eport.

Gas and electricity have been nstalled in many cottages hich stand near the mains upply routes. But large numbers of rural dwellings are away rom these.

Boon of a Gas-Ring

No one but a country housewife knows what a boon a imple gas-ring can be. Particularly to a woman who has to prepare a meal after working all ay.

The problem of the cottages hich are structurally unfit for se remains. No modern services help here. A hovel remains a hovel.

New houses must be built. If agriculture is to retain and ttract adequate and contented abour," runs the resolution sent o the Minister of Agriculture, good, up-to-date cottages must e built at an early date."

Who is to build the houses? here is only one answer. They ust be provided by the State, ither through local councils or central authority. If the job left to the councils, the overnment must see the ouses are properly built and quipped.

A prosperous and contented ural community is vital.

Let the farm workers speak or themselves, in the words of nother recent N.U.A.W. resolution: "We shall look upon the overnment's action in the atter as a measure of the ncerity of their promises for he future of the agricultural dustry."

WHAT'S WRONG AT "THE DOGS"?

Once, it was grand fun—win or lose. Now "Big Money Boys" are killing the sport, says STUART JACKSON

TWICE A WEEK, month in month out, I have my regular table at one of London's largest and most luxurious greyhound racing stadiums.

Here I can lose—or occasionally win—in comfort, looking out through the huge plate-glass windows from the super-restaurant. The floodlit scene has a fatal fascination for me.

I see those seething masses of people, struggling and cursing and jostling one another to reach the Tote windows and "get on" come what may. This scene of human greed—and I am one of the greedy ones—sometimes leads me to do a little uneasy thinking.

Divorce The Dogs from gambling, and what would happen at our vast stadiums? Attendances would drop to zero within a week.

A Wealthy Enterprise

Money has become all-predominant in greyhound racing, rocketing the sport from a precarious venture of 15 years back, to a wealthy commercial enterprise whose shares, if obtainable, are now worth fortunes.

I believe that the influx of too much money, and too much money *is* being turned over at the big stadiums nowadays, is jeopardising the *entertainment* of greyhound racing.

Some of the biggest promoters of greyhound racing are in process of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

The war created a false financial "prosperity." Economic readjustments will eventually affect the race-tracks.

Despite the enormous popularity of The Dogs, there is already an uneasy undercurrent all round.

This is evidenced in the live-for-to-day attitude of some managements, and a tendency to defend their "policy" almost before any accusation is made.

There have been booms in mass pleasures before. Many of them ended in a landslide the promoters found inexplicable. Could this happen to The Dogs, the greatest "draw"—except for football and cinema, today? It is not impossible.

Exhausting Pastime

Greyhound racing ought to be a pleasant evening's entertainment and relaxation, to which is added the stimulus of "having a flutter."

Instead of being "relaxing," an evening at The Dogs has become positively exhausting! One needs to be something of a pugilist, battering-ram and rubber cushion to reach the Tote, make a bet, and get back to one's place.

It is bad enough in the restaurants and clubs of our stadiums. For those in the "popular" enclosures it is appalling. In those tight-packed, shoving queues, some cheerless souls hardly see a race.

The objective observer at a greyhound stadium might describe the crowd scenes as the most un-English and unedifying spectacle in sport. So much predominates that is alien to the British reputation for good-humour and courtesy.

Here there is none of that good-humour that characterises a football match, for instance.

Selfishness runs rife. Greed takes its stand at the Tote windows in the form of bulky individuals with fat wallets. They monopolise the operators to the exclusion of the long queues which stand fuming behind them.

Greyhound racing has, in fact, become too serious. It is a colossus of commercialised "chance." The players, only too often, are "big" business men, hard-faced black marketeers and sleek syndicates of "the boys," all seeking a big turnover free of income tax.

Meanwhile, the "little man" looks wonderingly on, asking himself: "Is it worth it?"

Ill-Tempered Crowds

He recalls the pleasant times he *used* to have at The Dogs, win or lose. Frequently vowing that he will "chuck it," he is loth to give it up by reason of the happier meetings he remembers.

What has gone wrong? He does not realise it—but it is, among other things, the temper of the crowd that has gone wrong. And there's precious little entertainment in an atmosphere of ill-temper.

The "big money boys" are squeezing the game like an orange. Dogs, in the main, have become mere "numbers." There is hardly a round of applause when a champion greyhound sets up a track record. "The boys" are too busy rushing to collect their winnings.

Officials Evaporate

The Tote blandly collects its 6 per cent. The stadium officials, once in evidence, evaporate at the sign of any trouble from the humbler crowds, whose temper is on edge from being pushed around.

The spate of "tipsters" increases weekly. Specious advertisements, and new systems are introduced, which, by covering practically every arrangement of "numbers" tend to cancel one another

Dog racing, which, on its introduction to this country provided a romantic story of courage and enterprise overcoming opposition while it set the sport on a plane of some integrity, deserves a better fate than this.

"Divorce the dogs from gambling and what would happen at our vast stadiums?"

Make it easy—have a MACLEAN SHAVE

1 *Wet the beard thoroughly.* **2** *Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip.* **3** *Lather with plenty of water on brush.*

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

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4/6

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Thermogene Medicated Wadding, applied to the Chest or Throat as directed, generates soothing, healing warmth which disperses the congestion, relieves the soreness, and eases the breathing.

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"I am thoroughly acquainted "with your mixture, as I "have been in the habit for "some considerable time of "giving this to my terriers "and find it keeps them in "tip-top condition and show "form."

"I have used Benbow's for "years and find it a grand "tonic for my Poms. I have "bred, exhibited and judged "now for nearly 30 years, "so I think I ought to "know."

Give *your* dog this famous liquid conditioner. *Limited supplies are available from Chemists and Corn Merchants.*

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

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A "MODERN" OF 1910

You'll be delighted with Rosalind Russell in Warner Brothers' new film, "Roughly Speaking." She's the brave, undaunted mother of five, whose sturdy spirit triumphs over successive illness, heartbreak, and financial failure. Rosalind Russell, with her clear, smooth complexion, is as lovely as she is gay . . . Like 9 out of 10 other film stars, she makes Lux Toilet Soap her beauty care.

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Competitions Calling!

OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY

YOU want a good Cake for Christmas? Then let Mrs. Beeton help you to make it.

Take 1 lb. butter, 1 lb. castor sugar, 1 lb. sultanas, 1 lb. currants, ½ lb. candied peel, 8 eggs . . .

But why go on with this pipe dream of days gone by? What you *can* get this Christmas is a grand 4-lb. Cake, made by expert cooks with the best ingredients which can be used.

Baking your Prize Cake

"A very fine Cake it is." That, we believe, will be the verdict of 600 *John Bull* readers who, with their families and friends, will each enjoy one of these first-class feasts this Christmas.

The *Bullets* coupon from this page, or the Crossword Square, can bring a fine Cake to your address in good time for Christmas. But it takes time to judge your entries and also to prepare and despatch all these prizes, so this week's Contests have to be the last in which you can win a Christmas Cake for 1945.

Enter the best *Bullet* of the week and, on Friday, December 14, you will receive a telegram that will make this coming Christmas the merriest of your life. The splendid sum of £250 will be yours. A Christmas Dinner Award as well.

£250 for Xwords, Too

In *John Bull's* common-sense Crosswords a notable occasion comes this week. Week after week in war-time, these Contests have provided a fascinating hobby for scores of readers. And now, to mark the first Christmas of peace, the biggest First Prize for years is waiting to be won this week. Beat all your rivals in this Crossword and your reward will be not £50 or £100, but £250 in solid cash. And all prizes value 10s. and upwards are augmented by a Christmas Cake.

Here, then, are two last opportunities to win a fine Christmas Prize. Grasp them with both hands before it is too late!

1st, 2nd, 3rd

Everybody knows that saving our money to-day means more for that money later. Now see that simple truth in *Bullets* form: Fruits Of Saving—More "Cake," *Another* Christmas. You could have thought of that, just as well as our £250 First Prize-winner in *Bullets* 1,502, Reader F. Green, 136, St. Leonards Ave., Hove.

Second Prize of £25—T. Curley, 4, The Avenue, Fair View, Adlington, Chorley: America's President — Frank, But No "Franklin."

Third Prize of £10—J. Revie, 27, Hill St., Larkhall, Lanarks.: Have Patience And—Be Glad Bevan Hasn't!

Special Christmas Awards, as announced, added to First, Second and Third Prizes, also to £5 and £2 10s. awards.

Other Winners

Left Admiral Speechless—With Admiration, Polly's "Broadside"! (£5, *G. W. Bennett*, 231, *Downall Green Rd., Bryn, Wigan*); It's A Secret, But—Too Huge To Hug (£5, *J. A. Bridges, Upper Marston, Lyonshall, Kington*); Demobbed—Hooray—I Can Strike! (£5, *Pte. J. Corcoran*, 22, *Gassiot Way, Sutton, Surrey*); Our Pup—Fetched *Half* Dad's Slipper! (£5, *F. H. Brooks*, 3, *Francis Place, Stokes Croft, Bristol*); Broke Down—Quiz Inquisitor, *Wifey's* Questions! (£5, *A. R. Couzens*, 83, *Higham Rd., Tottenham, N.17*); Our Pup—Has "Bit Of Everything" (£5, *Nurse E. M. Deary, Rubery Hill Hospital, Birmingham*); Labour's Task—Uphill? Remember Labour's "Climb"! (£5, *B. M. Giles*, 168, Regent St., London, W.1); Sick World—Till Suspicion's "Sea" Subsides (£5, *G. A. Green*, 4, *Cecil Terrace, Stamford, Lincs.*); Cold And Hungry—Everybody Except Eskimos To-day! (£5, *E. Reed*, 139, *Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.5*); Fruits Of Learning—Schoolboy Sterilises Drawing Pin! (£5, *E. C. Sykes*, 51, *Westmorland Rd., Brooklands, Sale, Ches.*).

Notifications to 10 £2 10s. winners and 100 winners of Christmas Cakes (list at these offices) have been posted—also 1,500 Merit Awards.

GILBERT WILKINSON ILLUSTRATES A 'BULLET'

At The Firemen's Ball —Stamping Out Flames, Apparently!

Rules of Contests

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Two free *Bullets* allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O., make payable to *John Bull*, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated Dec. 22, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

£250 FOR XMAS XWORD

FOR this week's Christmas Offer only, up shoots *John Bull's* Crossword Cash to £250.

Note the double award value £50 for Runners-up—and the final batch of Christmas Cakes accompanying prizes value 10s. and over. Enter now on your square below!

Clues Across

1. Some people are easily upset by
2. It's best to be careful when you go round one
7. Is carefully smartened up for show
11. Cheese is sometimes this before sale
12. Fall can mean this for some people
13. A player is generally pleased when he manages to get

Clues Down

1. Shrewd collector of antiques may easily be taken in by
3. It must well worry lorry driver when this is heavy and uneven
4. Gardener's success is partly due to his this of garden
5. Ringer is clearly associated in some minds with
6. Many have found it far too easy to slip on
8. In some cases this adds to the beauty of scenery
9. Excessive spending may account for wife's swollen ones
10. Is occasionally made necessary by heated atmosphere

Xword 454 Result

WINNING WORDS: 1. Fag. 2. Homes. 3. Safe. 4. Faces or Facts. 5. Medal or Metal. 6. Fall. 7. Doer. 8. Mate. 9. Boor. 10. Wood. 11. Nice. 12. Joists. 13. Foils. 14. Truck. FIVE Competitors submitted set of Answers differing at one point only from most meritorious set of Answers above and share £100: F. S. Bell, F. Cole, Miss L. A. Griffiths, Miss E. Holdsworth, Mrs. E. Yull.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 53 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Xmas Cakes.

"EXAMPLES" FOR "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

BRITANNIA'S STOCKING
SKIPPER ATTLEE
PEACEFUL CHRISTMAS
HOUSES
ONE DAY
SANTA CLAUS
FREEDOM FROM WANT
CRIME WAVE
THE THING IS
BROTHERHOOD
GOOD SQUARE MEAL
SHOCK FOR THE LANDLADY
IN HOSPITAL
TOLL OF THE ROAD
THIRD TIME LUCKY, SO

Last Xmas Feasts

First Prize, £250; Second, £25; Third £10; 10 of £5; 10 of £2 10s. All cheques plus Christmas Dinner Award. 100 4-lb. Christmas Cakes; 1,500 Merit Awards.

For full details, see *Bullets Bulletin*, obtainable as directed on coupon.

LIKE VULTURES
NASTY CRACK
NONE THE WORSE
BUNDLE OF NERVES
WHEN DAD RETIRES

INCOMPLETE "EXAMPLES"
See instructions.

IN SONNY'S.....
WON'T ..... ANYBODY
AIMING AT .....
COMFORTING .....
SAFE FOR .....
PUTS YEARS ON.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" 1,506 (or XWORD 458), "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

HOW TO ENTER FOR "JOHN BULL'S" £250 XWORD

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

ENTRY FEE—6d.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d., to cover also cost of printing, despatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated Dec. 15. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper list of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

No.....

458 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 3.

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Signed.....

Address .....

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POST THIS "BULLETS" COUPON BY MON., DEC. 3

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET

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For £50 "Bulletin" dated Dec. 15, enclose 2½d stamped addressed envelope

I enclose P.O. value .....

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1,506 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 3.

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Address .....

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BIG BAD MOUSE

"I am the phantom mouse come to avenge the death of my comrades. Wretched Tiger, prepare to meet thy doom."

"At last—'Tibs' to the rescue! No more nightmares after this!"

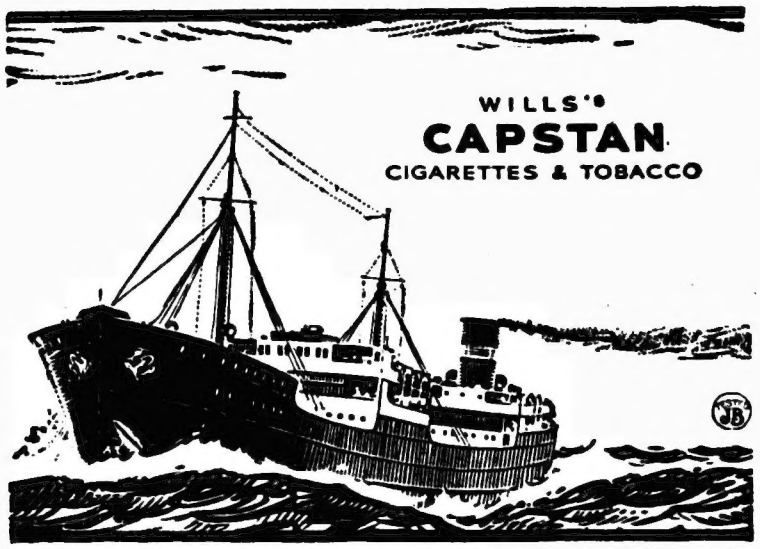
"Out of my way, you measly mouse. You're no monster now—but I'm really a Tiger on 'Tibs'."

TIBS *keep cats kittenish*

Remember the rule—one powder a day. 'Tibs' are tasteless in food or drink. From all corn merchants and chemists, in packets of nine for 7d.

A product of Bob Martin Ltd., Southport

25B



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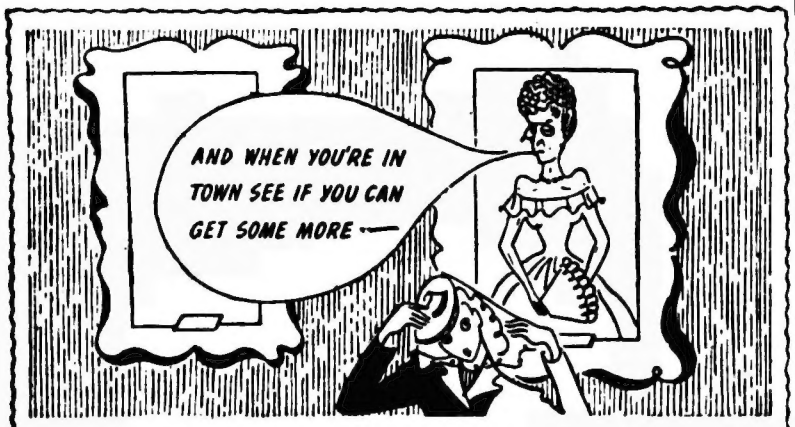
Hobbies can help to happiness

Keep happy and busy with a Hobbies Outfit. Complete sets of tools and instructions for making endless articles in wood—fretwork, models, toys, puzzles, etc. A lasting hobby at little expense.

Outfits from Hobbies Branches or direct from Hobbies Ltd., Dereham, Norfolk.



FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

Protects the home from germs

KH 105-861 *Selling Agents:* HUDSON & KNIGHT LTD.

write to JOHN BULL *about it*

Continued from page 3

CAREER IN PHOTOGRAPHY

sum of money deposited in the bank, a pavilion, cricketing requisites, stationery, and so on.

"Have these two any legal right to do this?"

✓ The answer is No. If the two dispose of the club's property, they will do so at their own risk and may be compelled later to refund the value of the goods.

The things you mention belong to the members and subscribers of the club. I advise you to call a meeting to determine what should be done about them. If the two you mention take it upon themselves to act as trustees, they must act in the interest of those for whom they hold the trust. The property is not theirs and they have no right to dispose of it.

Keen Photographer

"MY YOUNG LAD, who will be leaving school at Christmas, is set on becoming a photographer.

"Can you give me any advice about the possibilities of such a career? How ought he to set about it?"

✓ There are three ways in which your son can set to work to become a photographer: (1) He can persuade some good photographer to take him on as an assistant, and he will pick up the work from actual experience. (2) He can take a two-year course at a school of photography, followed by another six months as an improver. (3) He can be apprenticed for four years. The premium, varying from £50 to £200, will be repaid as weekly wage which rises from 10s. to £2.

There are three examinations — preliminary, intermediate, and final. Other details can be obtained from the Institute of British Photographers, 49, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Much information can be found in a book, "*To Be A Professional Photographer*" (Methuen, 7s. 6d.). A bookseller could get it for you.

Naval Officer's Credit

"IS A Naval Warrant Officer entitled to a post-war credit of 6d. per day for his service as Warrant Officer? I have been informed that Naval W.O.s (who draw war bonus in addition to pay, like ratings) are entitled to post-war credits like ratings, although commissioned officers are not so entitled.

"Recently, however, I received my war gratuity, but no post-war credits for my service as W.O. subsequent to December 31, 1941. I am wondering whether a mistake has been made."

✓ Unfortunately for you there was no mistake. Warrant Officers are not eligible for post-war credits. That is the ruling I have been given by the Admiralty.

The post-war credits scheme did not begin until January 1, 1942. If your promotion to W.O. rank occurred some time after this date you would be eligible for post-war credits for the interval. But I gather from your letter that you were a W.O. on December 31, 1941. You are in the same position as a commissioned officer.

Shop Wages Problem

"WHAT IS THE minimum wage for a shop assistant, aged twenty-five, in a drapery department? I have been offered £2 a week plus £1 commission. I feel that, for a forty-eight hour week, this is too low."

✓ A girl shop assistant, aged twenty-five, working in the provinces, should receive a minimum wage of £2 9s. a week, apart from any commission.

In 1942, the agreed minimum rate for a forty-eight hour week was fixed at £2. There has been an increase of 3s. each year since. You are therefore justified in claiming another 9s. a week.

These rates were fixed by the National Joint Industrial Council for the Retail Drapery, Outfitting and Footwear Trades.

Pensions and P.A.Y.E.

"I HAVE A MAN in my employ who is, I think, receiving a disability pension. I shall be glad if you will tell me if this is any concern of mine with regard to P.A.Y.E. deductions."

✓ No. Disability pensions are exempt from income tax.

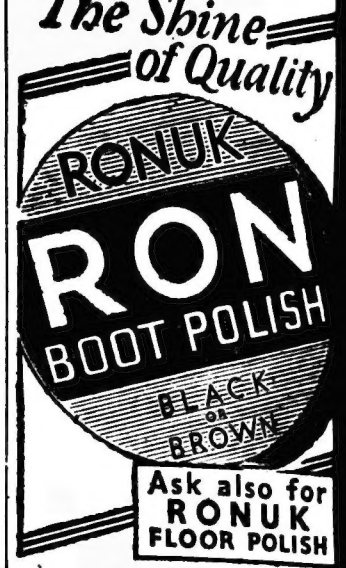
The duty of the employer under P.A.Y.E. is to deduct tax according to wages *earned in his employment*, in conjunction with the tax tables and code number issued by the Inspector of Taxes. It is not his duty to inquire into the private affairs of his employees. Indeed, the system of P.A.Y.E. code numbers has been designed to make this unnecessary.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

The Shine of Quality



Ask also for RONUK FLOOR POLISH

Think in STEAD

A QUICK LATHER FOR A QUICK SHAVE and EASY on the razor

7½D PER STICK (includes purchase

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMIT

E 361-757-55

PLAN NOT TO HAVE A COLD

Take two Serocalcin tablets daily, for thirty consecutive days. That is the plan—and in most cases it provides immunity from colds for the following *three to four months.*

Serocalcin is thought to act by building up the *natural* resistive capacity of the body against invading organisms that cause colds. Some fail to respond to the stimulation which Serocalcin gives to the natural defences, but fortunately most people experience satisfactory results and, by following the simple Serocalcin plan, can and do—year after year—enjoy complete freedom from colds.

To treat existing colds, **Serocalcin is taken in a dosage of 3 tablets three times daily.**

Your Doctor or Chemist will tell you more about

SEROCALCIN

for the prevention and treatment of the common cold

The full Serocalcin immunising course (60 tablets) costs 8/5½ inc. tax; and there is a small pack of twenty tablets for which the charge is 3/4½. All who suffer from the common cold are invited to send 1d. stamp (to comply with regulations) for booklet "Immunity from Colds".

MADE BY HARWOODS LABORATORIES LTD., WATFORD

Lumbago sufferer lost 8 weeks' work every year

Every year thousands fall victim to Lumbago or some other form of muscular rheumatism. Many live in constant dread of the next attack. What can be done to help these sufferers? Here, at any rate, is one good answer! "I have suffered very badly from acute Lumbago for about ten years . . . and I have lost two or more months each year from work. About two years ago, seeing your advertisement for Fynnon Salt, I bought a tin to try and was very quick to find the good it did me. I HAVE NOT LOST A DAY'S WORK SINCE. I shall never be without a tin of Fynnon Salt in the house . . . thanking you for your wonderful relief."

(Signed) T.J.M., Tolworth

Never loses a day now he takes Fynnon Salt

Fynnon Salt

for

RHEUMATISM

Lumbago, Neuritis, Sciatica or Gout

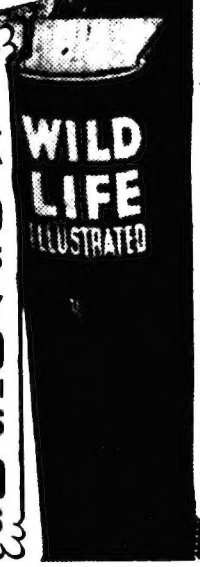
Large size 1/6 *(includes Purchase Tax)*

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Mx. (555)

SECRETS of NATURE REVEALED

WILD LIFE ILLUSTRATED

ENTIRELY NEW WORK 500 PAGES NEARLY 400 Wonderful PHOTOS 112,000 WORDS



THIS week JOHN BULL gives every reader an opportunity to secure at a low privilege price, a copy of a wonderful entirely new work—WILD LIFE ILLUSTRATED. In over 500 pages, nearly 400 pictures and 112,000 words of thrilling narrative, this book reveals the wonderful marvels, secrets and mysteries of wild life. There is a big demand for this work—supplies are limited. Make sure of your copy by completing and posting Order-Label below today!

Look at a few of the almost incredible wonders and thrills you learn about:—

"Jet-propelled" sea creatures—animal which starves to death in two or three hours—apes that made keys to open doors—prehistoric "dragons" alive to-day—seven-inch jumping animal faster than a horse—bright red elephants—insect that lives two years in water and one day in the air—fish that give electric shocks—parrot eats live sheep—pigs with four tusks—bird makes "front garden" to its nest—birds that cannot fly—boars which defeat tigers—blood-sucking vampire—animals with parachutes—almost-human apes—and thousands more amazing facts.

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A.L.W

J.W.1. 24/11/45

WILL YOU DO THIS?

Will you support the great Christmas Appeal for the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1.?

If so, please send your donation to us **now,** in the same envelope as your money and Order Label for your book. BUT please keep your donation separate from the money for the book—i.e., attach to this special form a separate Postal Order, Money Order or Cheque for the amount you are donating to the Hospital.

Thank you. Your kind act will never be forgotten.

Write your name and address below in BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

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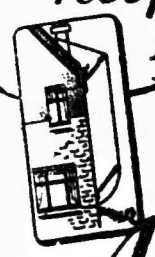
Enclose this coupon and donation with the label on the left. J.W.1. 24/11/45

Make sure of the best reception of the better Radio Programmes



Put new life into your Radio and make sure of the maximum enjoyment from the better programmes by installing a really good aerial. Made from pure copper, **AERIALITE AERIAL WIRE** cannot be beaten. There is no substitute for the famous **AERIALITE AERIAL WIRE**—acknowledged the best for years.

Supplies are not plentiful, but they are well worth looking for—most Dealers have small stocks.

Prices: 100 ft. 6/-; 75 ft. 5/-; 50 ft. 3/-

A.A.1

Aerialite Aerials

FOR RADIO AND TELEVISION

Made by: AERIALITE LTD., STALYBRIDGE, CHESHIRE

I know

THE VALUE OF ANGIER'S IN CASES OF BRONCHITIS

"I always recommend Angier's Emulsion for bronchial troubles. It relieves the cough, allays inflammation and improves appetite. The general tonic effect makes Angier's invaluable in all cases. *I know!*"

Supplies are limited due to present restrictions

ANGIER'S Emulsion

VENO'S *is Good VERY GOOD for* COUGHS

Its *Lightning* action stops coughing, checks tickling in the throat, and allays soreness in the chest.

VENO'S *Lightning* Cough Mixture 1/4 per bottle (inc. tax).

Spots gone!

thanks to GERMOLENE

If you have spots or pimples use Germolene. It sinks right into the skin. By its antiseptic action it gets at the skin germs in the pores and tiny glands of the skin and so removes the cause of these nasty little blemishes. Germolene is a wonderful skin healer! 1/- and 3/3 including Purchase Tax.

For all everyday skin troubles

PUT YOUR TRUST IN **Germolene**

ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Enjoys Her Food

Wishes she'd heard years ago of

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

"Some weeks back I was given some Moorland Indigestion Tablets. After taking them I got a supply from my local Chemist. I am pleased to tell you I can now enjoy my food, nothing disagrees with me. I wish I'd heard of them years ago." (Signed) Mrs. A. L., Launceston.

★ *Moorland Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 8½d. and 1/5d. including tax.*

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HERE'S THE PAIN—WHERE'S THE SLOAN'S?

Because it offers a "short cut" to relief from the wearying pain of Rheumatism, first thought when suffering threatens is for a touch of soothing Sloan's Liniment. Sloan's stimulates the circulation, relieves congestion, and brings comfort to throbbing muscles and joints.

RELIEF WITHOUT RUBBING

Price 2/- at all chemists.

SLOAN'S *Liniment* KILLS PAIN

A glass of Guinness is a cheerful sight

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

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Wonderful mildness—

and such a refreshing lather

Waken your complexion to fresh loveliness with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap. It's naturally kind to your skin because the special ingredient it contains makes it extra mild. And when you use Lifebuoy Toilet Soap in your bath you can be sure its brisk deep-cleansing lather is taking care of personal freshness too.

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

3½d per tablet

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